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Together.

FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / JANUARY 1966

GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE, &
REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE
IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT

surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly & clearly; and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant; they too have their story. ☛ Avoid loud & aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. ☛ Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism. ☛ Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. ☛ Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. ☛ You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. ☛ Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. ☛ With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy. ☛ ☛

FOUND IN OLD SAINT PAUL'S ANGLICAN CHURCH BALTIMORE, DATED 1692

008112



FLYING TAXIS FOR THE CONGO

Shipped in parts from the U.S. and reassembled in South Africa, a new missionary plane flies toward the Congo.

Thanks to contributions of Indiana Methodists, two planes are adding to the effectiveness and helping to assure the safety of missionaries in the vast and uncertain Congo.

IN THE tortured Congo, airplanes are not merely a convenience. Often, they are quite literally a matter of life and death—as they are in other developing countries where communications still are sporadic, ground travel is hazardous, and crises can erupt without notice.

Two of the mission planes that now fly the Congo skies are there because of donations from Indiana Methodists, who have also recruited pilots, missionaries, and medical personnel to serve in the struggling African land.

Pastor Joe H. Maw highlights the importance of air travel when he writes from the Congo: "Roads cannot be called roads here. Traveling from Luluabourg to

Lodja takes from 15 to 18 hours by car. From Luluabourg to Wembo Nyama it takes about 25 hours." By plane, either trip can be completed in just 90 minutes.

It was at Wembo Nyama that Methodist mission pilot Burleigh Law was killed in August, 1964, as he tried to rescue coworkers from a rebel attack. Today, others have arrived to carry on Mr. Law's work. In addition to being available for evacuation flights, should they be required again, the pilots save lives almost daily by bringing doctors to patients or by taking patients to hospitals.

Medical men are scarce, and without planes they would spend most of their time beating across the

countryside. Dr. Hugh Deale, who has made four flying trips to the Congo from his post in Rhodesia, reports: "I found a backlog of dental needs wherever I went . . . I filled a missionary's tooth at an airstrip and another's outside a classroom. Then I jumped into the plane again . . ."

The planes take tons of supplies to remote outposts, and Bishop John Wesley Shungu adds that "they are often useful as I try to supervise work in an area 1,000 miles long and 500 miles wide."

Indiana Methodists, through the Board of Missions, sent a four-passenger plane to the Congo in 1960. Later it was traded for a six-seater, and last year Hoosiers gave \$20,000 to buy another six-seater.

Dr. Richard M. Nay of Indianapolis, first participant in the Indiana Area's volunteer Operation Doctor project, says: "In the Congo, mission stations are open and missionaries are able to do their work because of the support given them by the planes."

—CAROL M. DOIG



Indiana layman Harold Amstutz (atop wing), who has been flying for The Methodist Church in the Congo since 1963, refuels his plane at the bush station of Kapanga. In the photo at left, flight plans are checked by Bishop John Wesley Shungu (center) and two pastors. "The continued deterioration of roads and the disturbed political situation in some parts of the Congo really make flying a necessity," says Bishop Shungu. Below, famed Methodist evangelist E. Stanley Jones awaits takeoff in a mission plane as he heads for the interior of Africa to conduct ashrams—spiritual retreats—which he has developed on the pattern of a traditional Hindu observance.



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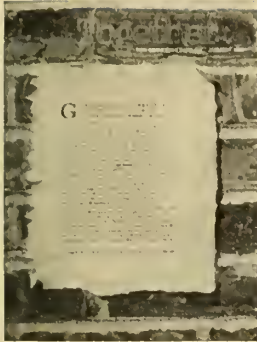


Is thy heart right, as my heart is
with thine? Dost thou love and serve
God? It is enough, I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

Together

For Methodist Families / January 1966



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After-Hour Jottings . . . Looking over this issue, we find a pleasant reminder that the Methodist tradition of neighborliness and hospitality also is shared by the Evangelical United Brethren, with whom we at present are considering union. **Lois Grant Palches** tells us about it in her short article, *Reserved for Church Folks*, on page 43.

She and her husband, on vacation, stop for Sunday worship with strangers in a little EUB church in Colorado. After the service they are invited to share the custom of having Sunday dinner in a cafe across the street. Later, the couple sent a thank-you note to "The Church Folks Table, The Cafe, Idalia, Colo."

Since this incident took place several years ago, we checked with the Rev. **H. T. Hampton**, pastor of the church.

"Things are still the same in Idalia, including the warm hospitality of our people," he replied. "The church, due to its remote location, has a limited future, but still carries on while she can."

Mrs. Palches—well-known in New England as a poet, writer of light verse,
(Continued on page 4)

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JOTTINGS / (Continued from page 3)

and recitalist—is the daughter of a Methodist minister; she also married one; and her brother is Methodist Bishop A. Raymond Grant of the Portland Area. She is no stranger to old-fashioned rural hospitality, for she grew up in an Iowa farming area.

As we started out to say . . . that warm welcome at the church door means a lot to the visitor. In Colorado, it inspired Mrs. Palches to write an



Mr. Haines



Mrs. Palches

article; in Andersonville, Ga., it inspired another visitor to show his appreciation in a most unusual way, years later.

We quote from the Manchester (N.H.) Union Leader:

"Members of the little Methodist church . . . were startled the other day to learn that Robert B. Brown of Washington, N.J., had left their congregation \$178,000 worth of A. T. & T. and Continental Can stock.

"None of them remembered the one Sunday, years ago, when Mr. Brown was traveling in Georgia and [as the lawyer of the estate wrote] stopped at the Andersonville Methodist Church. He was given such a warm welcome that he always remembered."

Now if you think we're stressing church-door hospitality because of the unlikely chance that a wealthy visitor will come visiting some Sunday, you are wrong. We feel as the editor of the New Hampshire paper did when he concluded his editorial:

"When the New England clergy tell this story to their congregations, as they surely will, we hope they will somehow minimize the pecuniary angle—emphasizing, rather, that there are lonely people, and that those who slip unannounced into some New England pews are in danger of being frozen to death."

We note with regret . . . the recent death of Dr. David W. Soper who was chairman of the department of religion at Beloit (Wis.) College when he wrote *The First 25 Years Are the Hardest* [page 20]. A prolific author, he also was widely known here and abroad as a theologian, preacher, and lecturer.

This month's cover . . . you may have noticed, is different from any that has appeared since TOGETHER's first issue nine years ago. It came to us after nearly 300 years by a circuitous route, and we regret that we can shed no light on the

identity of the author. We can be certain, however, that he was a very wise man, and his message—easily switched around into a New Year's resolution for everyone—already has found a place in more than one office here.

We found this 1966 cover message in a rather unusual and unexpected place—in the pages of a science-fiction magazine where we customarily read interplanetary adventures or articles on nuclear physics. But the editor of *Analog* was so impressed by this concise masterpiece of Christian philosophy that he, too, had to share it with his readers.

Down Under . . . Australia and New Zealand move in the biographical background of two contributors this month. Mrs. Jane Lee Andersen was born in Australia, as she points out in her *Lost Somewhere Between California and Georgia, an Accent* [page 41]. We regret, however, that we cannot tell you more about her. When we asked, sending along a biographical form, she replied:

"I hope to have your questionnaire completed by the end of the week. We have a new baby and just moved into a new house, and the combination is devastating."

Just how devastating is indicated by the fact that she wrote that last July. Here it is frosty fall, and no word!

Not so with J. Harry Haines, who tells us about Oceania and its problems beginning on page 32. He was born in New Zealand, but has seen a great deal of the world since then. Before he became director of the Advance Department, Methodist Board of Missions, he served 23 years as a missionary in China and Malaya.

Mr. Haines received his early education in New Zealand and continued his studies in England, Australia, and the USA; he was married in China; his wife was born in the Philippines of missionary parents, and their sons were born in China, Malaya, and this country.

"Crossing the Canadian-USA border," he says, "we were asked the usual question: 'Where were you born?'"

"We replied: 'Auckland, Manila, Chungking, Kuala Lumpur, and Baltimore.'"

"When the immigration officer looked bewildered, I added: 'You have no idea how much trouble we had in getting together.'"

—YOUR EDITORS

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Cover—*Together* Photo • Second Cover—Page 1—Rev. Donald E. Collinson • 5—the Methodist Story • 13—RNS • 14 Methodist Information • 30-31—Rev. C. L. Spottswood • 33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40—John P. Taylor • 44 L.—Lowell R. Reed, R.—US Air Force • 45 Top—Jack H. Weigler, Bot.—Courtesy of Holston Conference Inter-Board Council • 54—From *The Schweitzer Album* by Erica Anderson, courtesy Harper & Row, publishers, Bot.—Erica Anderson • 70 Top R.—Bot. L.—D. L. Richardson • 22-23-24-25-26-53 Top-70 (except Top R., Bot. L.)—Third Cover—George P. Miller.

The Church in Action

The Quadrennial Program:

Neighborhood One ... and Beyond

IN THE 18 months since The Methodist Church plunged into its 1964-68 quadrennial program, *One Witness in One World*, some 80 percent of the church's annual conferences have waded in, and a great many local churches have gotten their feet wet to some extent.

Using the Book of Ephesians with the study book edited by Bishop Roy H. Short for guidance, hundreds of congregations have emerged—or soon will—from an illuminating if spiritually painful period of self-examination and appraisal. Now comes the action phase—in the local community, at the annual conference level, and on a worldwide scale.

As a result of analyzing their strengths and weaknesses, both urban and town and country congregations have been spurred into community action with neighboring Methodist churches, other denominations and faiths, group movements, and welfare agencies. Participation displays a wide array of imaginative forms.

The Quadrennial Program is an open-ended kind of do-it-yourself mission kit for the local church. It places a remarkable lack of emphasis (for Methodism, at least) on quotas, numerical goals, and dollar totals. The program includes flexible guidelines and offers suggestions, but this is no neatly wrapped package handed down from a general agency. In concept, it shows refreshing recognition that the success of any churchwide concern depends largely on the local church's self-discovered mission in its community.

Indeed, as the Quadrennial Program gains momentum, as congregations organize and deploy their resources to meet needs in different ways, the line between what *is* and what *is not* part of the emphasis grows increasingly indistinct. This development bothers the Rev. R. Merrill Powers, director of the program committee, not one whit. He visualizes the Quadrennial Program as a catalytic agent in a grass-roots, church-renewal process. Any attempt to mea-



Urban ministries at storefront sites reflect a growing concern of many Methodists for forgotten people of the inner city.

sure its significance with a “bodies and bucks” yardstick would be irrelevant, if not impossible.

N-1—New but Old: The Neighborhood One program, or N-1, has caught the spirit of the quadrennial theme as has no other community action vehicle. While the N-1 title is new, variations of the plan have been used for years in inner-city situations, and through group and extended ministry plans in town and country churches. Methodist men, women, and youth—singly, in couples, as families, and teams—pledge themselves to be a neighbor in a personal way for one year to help establish new congregations, work in a mission or outpost church school, or serve as a reciprocal N-1 to a partner-church.

N-1 opens the door to mission service near home, within driving distance, on weekends, and after work or school. The limited service term is twofold in purpose: it gives the receiving church a lift without the N-1s taking over leadership or becoming a “crutch”; and it ensures the vital feedback of N-1 experience into the life of the sending congregation.

Service opportunities are myriad: Christian education, evangelism, preschool education, tutoring, nursing, counseling, employment guidance, work with children, youth, and senior citizens' clubs; leadership training, building construction and repair, and sharing experiences in arts, crafts, and recreation. With the development of N-1 and related community-action ministries, increasing numbers of Methodists are responding to—and being enriched by—a wide range of *One Witness in One World* commitments.

Inner-City Challenge: Near the spot where John and Charles Wesley first tried missionary work in Savannah, Ga., in 1736, Methodists recently founded the Inner City Methodist Church in a converted dry-goods store. Viewing the forgotten, overcrowded downtown neighborhood, the Rev. Samuel Clark and

his wife saw no need to go halfway around the world to be missionaries; they took on the assignment and moved into an upstairs room of the church. Two N-1s volunteered to attend the church regularly, serve on boards and commissions, and support it financially. The church's weekday ministry includes study halls for youngsters, social work with families, and recreational activities. As one result, a high delinquency rate and school dropout record has improved steadily.

In East St. Louis, Ill., Methodists surveyed their situation and found a distressing need to redesign a mission to the changing inner city. The neighborhood was in transition from a high-employment, predominately white area to one where Negroes are in the majority of an underemployed population. The churches were dying; one Methodist pastor said his church doors would soon close unless membership losses could be stemmed.

Illinois Area Bishop Lance Webb told a group of local ministers: "This is a great mission field. Other churches have given up East St. Louis. We are here to stay."

Four Methodist congregations—three white, one Negro—tackled the task of strengthening and re-creating themselves (and a Methodist-supported community center) as the East St. Louis Inner-City Parish. When the first phase of the neighborhood program was launched last June, 450 youngsters took part in afternoon classes including arts, crafts, and Bible-centered story hours. Some 50 students from nearby McKendree College and scores of volunteer N-1 laymen assist in the parish work.

An inner-city mission involving the Henderson and Wayne Street Methodist Churches in Erie, Pa., enlists the aid of the local housing authority, human-relations council, and city Boys Club. N-1s help operate a counseling and referral service, and instruct mothers in cooking, decorating, first aid, health, hygiene, and budgeting.

One of the outstanding examples of inner-city work is found in Kansas City, Mo., where 50 different churches support two storefront missions of the Methodist Inner-City Parish. And in Columbus, Ohio, North Broadway Methodist Church supplies many of the 70 volunteers who serve in a parish embracing Third Avenue and Neal Avenue Methodist Churches.

N-1 Country Style: Methodists of Winnfield, La., a town of 8,000, are not confronted with an "inner city" problem. But their self-appraisal under the Quadrennial Program did bring to light the need to give a faltering sister church a boost, and to establish a new congregation.

The Winnfield Methodist Men

gathered up their tools and paintbrushes and sallied forth to help paint, repair, and remodel the badly neglected Methodist church in the Couley community. This outside interest sparked new life in the Couley congregation; they reorganized the church school, started a Woman's Society, and increased a budget that before had seemed too heavy.

At the same time, Winnfield Methodists were making surveys and preparing to organize a new congregation in an area near a new high school. An outpost church school was started, and first worship services were conducted in an auto agency showroom. Several families transferred to the younger church; others pledged N-1 service.

Minorities and Migrants: After self-study, St. Mark's Methodist Church in Midland, Texas, decided it was failing to minister to minority groups. Hoping to hurdle both ethnic and language barriers, members built *Casa de Amigos* (House of Friends), a small concrete-block building in Midland's Latin American section to serve Mexicans and Negroes. Its activities are geared to recreation and fellowship, but classes in sewing, cooking, and English are conducted, and birth-control information is provided. The N-1 program has attracted some non-Methodist leaders.

At City Methodist Church in Gary, Ind., Miss Aurora del Pozo teaches 10 English classes a week to Spanish-speaking persons living around the church. N-1s are working with preschool children, and YMCA staffers use the church gymnasium to teach sports and physical fitness.

Members of various Dayton, Ohio, Methodist churches serve as N-1s in the Van Buren Community Center. It is fast becoming a port of entry as Southern poor migrate into the economically and socially blighted section of Dayton. Donated food and clothing help families over the first few difficult weeks. Family counseling is available at the center along with an education and recreation program.

Interracial Exchange: In Englewood, N.J., a Negro and a white Methodist church have established bonds of friendship as, in an abbreviated N-1 plan, families in the two churches change places for a month. Exchange members from First Methodist Church and Galilee Church (the first, in 1958, to transfer from the Central Jurisdiction into the Northeastern Jurisdiction's Newark Conference) enter fully in the life of the receiving church—working in the church school, choir, youth and women's groups, and commissions.

An ecumenical approach is proving effective for the Inner City Ministry

in Toledo, Ohio. Forty-four volunteers from 21 churches, synagogues, and community organizations serve at St. Paul's Methodist Church, the hub of an after-school program for youngsters, a mothers' club, young-adults' group, and a Scouting program. Catholics, Jews, and five Protestant groups have joined forces with Methodists.

Many churches have become aware that their buildings stand idle most of the week—monuments to a Sunday kind of religion. St. Stephen's Methodist Church in San Bernardino, Calif., now doubles as the Frazee Community Center. In Minneapolis, Wesley Methodist Church operates a counseling center where several N-1s serve.

A Universal Witness: Important as N-1 and other community action strategies are at the local level, the struggle for unity of the human family spreads across all the earth.

As a practical demonstration of concern for all people, each Methodist congregation is being asked to establish direct working relationships with at least one other sister congregation somewhere in the world. Through missions, church extension, voluntary service, and countless other ways of their own choosing, Methodists have been challenged to a universal witness in concert. □

Burma Church Takes Autonomy

After 86 years as an overseas arm of American Methodism, the Methodist Church of Lower Burma has voted to become an independent, self-governing body and has picked its first bishop.

Elected bishop was the Rev. Lim Si Sin, a Chinese pastor and district superintendent of Rangoon. Consecrated in October by Bishop Hobart B. Amstutz of the Southeastern Asia Central Conference, he is the first Burma national to hold episcopal leadership over the Burmese, Chinese, and Indian constituency.

Bishop Lim received the symbolic purple stole and gavel in an ecumenical occasion. A Roman Catholic archbishop, an Anglican bishop, and representatives of the Baptist Church and the East Asia Christian Council were distinguished guests.

In forming an autonomous church, Burma Methodists followed in the footsteps of the 14-month-old autonomous Methodist Church of Indonesia. U.S. Methodism authorized independence for both bodies in 1964, along with churches in Cuba, Liberia, and Pakistan, which have yet to act.

The Burma Methodists will maintain fraternal ties with the parent church in America through the Board of Missions, says Bishop Lim. Services

She Needs Your Love

Little Kim was abandoned by her mother in an alley of Seoul, Korea. She was found curled up behind a box, shivering, hungry and frightened:

Her G.I. father probably doesn't even know she exists. And since Kim is a mixed-blood child, no relative will ever claim her.

Only your love can help give little Kim, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

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And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938 thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

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A Christian Conscience on World Affairs

THE SIXTH World Study Conference of the National Council of Churches continued its traditional role as a Christian conscience to U.S. foreign policy-makers when it met recently in St. Louis, Mo.

Despite excessive pressure from right-wing critics since its 1958 Cleveland meeting, the conference once again called for the admission of Communist China to the United Nations. But the 600 delegates also spent considerable time discussing the image such declarations would produce in the minds of the lay constituency of the council.

Official releases from the Study Conference emphasized that the delegates spoke only for themselves, and not for the National Council. That is, the five position papers and recommendations that grow out of this gathering are to be studied by the various NCC denominations as Christian perspectives on the world scene, but are not to be interpreted as official documents from the council itself.

Sensitivity to past criticism, however, led the conference to its own form of extremism. Accepting the five section reports at plenary sessions, the conference voted to permit each section to stand behind its own report, thus removing the National Council one step farther from the obviously liberal mood of the conference.

These disclaimers were not expected to dissuade the right-wing critics of the council, however, who will undoubtedly continue to make outlandish connections between liberal political positions and communism. Indeed, considering its otherwise courageous and creative position papers on problems of world order, the St. Louis conference appeared to spend an inordinate amount of energy on disassociating itself from any official NCC stand.

Despite this sensitivity to its public image, the conference debated and adopted statements which generally were in keeping with the liberal, global orientation of these conferences since they first began under the old Federal Council of Churches in 1942.

One section report said that "we should concentrate on helping nations . . . to achieve viability and a capacity for independent life," and admitted that this is quite different from seeking to create nations that will serve as "bastion[s] against communism."

With an implicit reference to the recent Dominican Republic fracas, the conference noted that "efforts to overthrow Latin American governments by subversion and guerrilla activity may still present a serious problem." These upheavals should be dealt with multilaterally, the conference suggested, and U.S. intervention should always be judged "by a prime concern that assistance will not thwart the rising expectations of the people by strengthening the forces of resistance to change within the nation involved."

Delegates to the conference were, for the most part, denominational executives, professors from seminaries and colleges, and laymen with special competence in the area of foreign policy. They represented opinion-makers in the church, not grass-roots involvement. This was a study conference gathered to study, not a town meeting seeking to find a majority consensus among constituents.

The papers adopted will be made available to the various churches for study and further debate from the NCC's International Affairs Commission.

In addition to paper preparation, the delegates heard six lectures in a series honoring the late Dag Hammarskjöld. Dutch theologian Arend T. Van Leeuwen pointed out that in our pluralistic age, "we are not in a position to design a specifically Christian pattern of world order, based upon some kind of authoritative Christian philosophy or theological presupposition." He noted that the specific Christian contribution to a world order is to "emphasize the basically human character of all attempts to design and to build a universal order and to witness to the radically historical quality of any approach. . . ."

Another lecturer, Methodist pastor Emilio E. Castro from Montevideo, Uruguay, pointed to the fact that hunger, not ideology, is the true center of difference between nations.

What purpose did this conference serve? Hopefully, it presented to the public—particularly church members—the thinking of concerned, well-informed Christians on crucial world issues. In the tradition of a democratic society, their ideas now are available for wider discussion by church members of all political persuasions.

—JAMES M. WALL

of five U.S. missionaries will be retained, although government policy restricts the entry of new missionaries. Seven of the larger Methodist schools of Burma were nationalized last April along with 130 other Protestant and Catholic institutions.

Church leaders anticipate that the 20 congregations and some 2,000 Methodists of Lower Burma will eventually unite with the somewhat larger Upper Burma Methodist Church, an autonomous body stemming from British Methodism.

Seeks Laymen's Viewpoints

In North Carolina, Bishop Earl G. Hunt, Jr., has established what is believed to be Methodism's first Lay Advisory Council to the Bishop.

The Charlotte Area episcopal leader explained that he wants to "recognize the significant role of the responsible Methodist layman" in the affairs of the church, and to familiarize himself at regular intervals with lay thinking.

Bishop Hunt said the Lay Advisory Council will be an unofficial organization of the Western North Carolina Conference. Its specific duty will be to meet periodically with the bishop and discuss concerns of the laity and present laymen's viewpoints on issues.

Christian-Vocations Crisis

Facing a serious shortage of pastors, missionaries, teachers, and hospital and home workers, Methodist churches are being urged to step up recruitment of young people for the ministry and other church-related vocations.

The Methodist Interboard Committee on Christian Vocations (ICCV), meeting in Columbus, Ohio, reported that about 9,000 new people are needed annually, as follows: 2,100 ministers, 350 missionaries, 250 Christian-education directors, 1,230 college teachers and student workers, and 5,000 for medical and social services.

The Christian-vocations crisis was explained by such factors as the attraction of the Peace Corps and similar social projects, aggressive recruiting of young talent by private industry, and a general lack of awareness of the problem's seriousness. Also underscored was the poor image which the pastor projects to most young people as an effective professional man in the community.

Dr. Richard H. Bauer, ICCV executive secretary, said Methodism's somber personnel picture can be improved by pastors and laymen, particularly parents, in local churches. The need for an improved central referral procedure to put prospective church workers in touch with openings was stressed. On a hopeful note, a growing number of congregations have secretaries of Christian vocations

to encourage career commitment. While the committee's responsibility includes the interpretation of a Christian-vocation philosophy, its members generally agreed that major emphasis should center on recruitment in view of acute personnel shortages in church-related occupations.

Increasingly, said Dr. Bauer, Methodist agencies are recruiting church workers from among retired military personnel. His office in Nashville receives an average of three inquiries a week from men and women in their early forties who are searching for a second career opportunity.

A recent innovation is ICCV's sponsorship of consultations where vocational guidance programs of the church are related to career counseling in the public schools.

'The Twelve' Multiplies

Church people must scatter their witness because "too often the church has been caught in the cathedral," Methodist evangelism chief Dr. Kermit L. Long told the fourth and largest annual meeting of Methodism's The Twelve movement in Wichita, Kans.

Dr. Long is among church leaders who see small group witness as one of the modern church's most important ideas. He cautioned, however, that many such groups become self-righteous and think that their way of religion is the only way.

The Twelve movement, which has grown rapidly among Methodist adults and youth, fosters small study and prayer teams which go into the community to witness their faith. The groups are patterned after the 12 apostles, of course, but American

INDEX

An alphabetical index covering Volume 9 of *Together* (January-December, 1965) now is available for 25¢ from the *Together* Business Office at 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

Methodism itself was spread by "class meetings" in pioneer homes.

Bishop Kenneth W. Copeland of Lincoln, Nebr., told the 700 laymen from 25 states that one reason for the present day "panic and pessimism" in this country is that Christians have forgotten the importance of a meaningful prayer life.

Dean Murrow, Wichita real-estate man, was elected national president of The Twelve. Other officers are Donald Haasch, Boise, Idaho; Mrs. B. J. Edge, Whiting, Ind.; and Dean Griffith, Wilmette, Ill.

Mission Teamwork Grows

As negotiations for the proposed union of the Evangelical United Brethren and Methodist Churches progress [see *EUB-Methodist Union: The Plan Is Ready*, December, 1965, page 5], the two denominations cooperate increasingly in overseas mission fields.

Methodist and EUB missionaries are working closely in at least five countries through autonomous churches, united churches, and other

relationships. The latest example is an EUB missionary couple preparing for service in Sumatra, Indonesia; they will have fraternal ties with Methodist missionaries there.

In 1964, an EUB missionary transferred from Nigeria to Sarawak, Malaysia, to work in an ecumenical mission project and be part of the Methodist fellowship. Early in 1965, a young Mexican Methodist doctor-missionary and his wife arrived in Ecuador to work with EUBs and four other denominations.

Methodist-EUB teamwork is oldest in Japan, where both have co-operated with the United Church of Christ of Japan (Kyodan) for almost 25 years. A somewhat similar relationship exists in the Dominican Republic, where the two U.S. denominations work with the Dominican Evangelical Church.

Uphold Right to Protest

The right of individuals to engage in protest demonstrations against the United States government policy in Viet Nam has been supported by the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns in its annual meeting at Louisville, Ky.

Speaking as a board and not for the entire denomination, the 100 ministers and laymen deplored any attempt to intimidate, smear, or harass protesters as unpatriotic. The board held that "the intrusion of persons of questionable motivation in any demonstration does not invalidate the witness of the group as a whole."

The social-action leaders approved a parallel resolution suggesting the Viet Nam question be placed on the United Nations Security Council agenda and urging an end to U.S. bombing to create conditions favorable for peace talks. Direct negotiations with the National Liberation Front (Viet Cong) were favored.

The board approved by a two-to-one vote a resolution calling for the U.S. to withdraw its opposition to Communist China's admission to the United Nations. The document made no mention of the present UN representation of Nationalist China. Rejected, however, was an amendment asking UN seats for both Chinas.

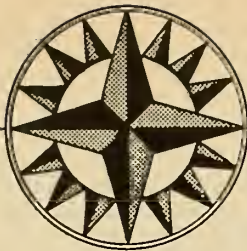
Another resolution condemned United States military intervention in the Dominican Republic as a violation of the Organization of American States charter, and as setting an unfortunate example for other nations that "may be tempted to disregard treaty obligations."

Earlier, Dr. A. Dudley Ward of Washington, D.C., the board's general secretary, declared that a church social agency must have the freedom to run risks in dealing with divisive issues and to espouse unpopular causes.

On the domestic scene, the board



The oldest Catholic and Protestant congregations in Kansas City, Mo., joined in an unusual interfaith service as Central Methodist Church's choir presented a sacred concert before the high altar of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. The Methodists' sanctuary had been destroyed by fire, and the Catholic diocese was eager to demonstrate the use of a choir in a local parish.



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WORLD DIVISION OF THE BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE METHODIST CHURCH

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adopted statements generally favoring federal aid to education, church participation in federal antipoverty programs, and the union shop—all with cautions.

Federal aid which would benefit both private and parochial-school students "does not alter the historical position of The Methodist Church which relies upon the public schools," one statement said.

Among other actions, the board supported federal legislation on civilian firearms, and called for the creation of a federal commission and a White House conference on alcohol and alcoholism.

The board also voted support for the Gruening-Udall Bill to co-ordinate and disseminate birth-control information; advocated stronger laws for equal employment opportunities and fair housing; and urged inclusion of migrant labor in such programs as old age and disability insurance, Social Security provisions, minimum standards for wages, hours, housing, and child-labor regulation.

Sees New Spirit in South

After appearing before the first racially integrated audience ever to meet in Mississippi's largest Methodist church, Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy noted "an encouraging sign of a new kind of thinking in the church in the Deep South."

The Los Angeles bishop led a four-day preaching mission at the 3,000-member Galloway Memorial Church in Jackson. Several Negroes from nearby Tougaloo Southern Christian College attended, as did some Methodist ministers of the Central Jurisdiction.

Bishop Kennedy says a younger generation of Southern churchmen seems anxious to break old segregation patterns. "These are young business executives in their early or mid-30s. Many have integrated their businesses. They are meeting with interracial groups, and want to face the problem in the church."

While not minimizing the problems ahead, the bishop said more and more people "want to do the right thing. So often, however, they have felt cornered by others who demanded that integration be done 'our way' or not at all. . . ."

Three days before departing for Jackson, Bishop Kennedy opened a letter from a Millsaps College student (the Methodist-related school dropped racial bars last September) asking if he might bring Negro friends to the services.

Bishop Kennedy then telephoned Dr. J. W. Cunningham, Galloway Memorial pastor, who, together with church leaders, decided that all who came peacefully would be welcome to attend the preaching mission.

Bishops Middleton, Sigg Die

Two Methodist bishops who died late in 1965 were Bishop W. Vernon Middleton of the Pittsburgh Area, and Bishop Ferdinand Sigg of the Geneva, Switzerland, Area.



Bishop Middleton

Bishop Middleton, 62, episcopal leader of Western Pennsylvania Methodism, died November 12 in Minneapolis, Minn., after a heart attack. He and Mrs. Middleton were en route to the autumn meeting of the Council of Bishops at Seattle.

Besides his widow, he is survived by a son and a daughter. Bishop Fred Pierce Corson conducted the funeral service, with burial in Chambersburg, Pa.

Ordained a minister in 1928, Bishop Middleton served several pastorates in Pennsylvania before joining the Methodist Board of Missions in 1939. He was general secretary of the National Division when elected to the episcopacy in 1960.

Bishop Frederick B. Newell of Stamford, Conn., retired since 1960, was appointed to serve the Pittsburgh Area until 1968.

Bishop Sigg, whose Geneva Area is one of largest and most diverse in all Methodism, died in Zurich October 27, 1965.



Bishop Sigg

Bishop Sigg, 63, was the episcopal leader of 41,000 Methodists in 10 countries of Europe (5 of them behind the Iron Curtain) and Africa. For the present, Bishops Paul N. Garber of Raleigh, N.C., and Ralph E. Dodge of Kitwe, Zambia, will each administer a part of the area.

A minister for 40 years, the bishop was first elected by Methodism's Central and Southern Europe Central Conference in 1954. He visited the United States several times to lecture and attend Methodist General Conferences and bishops' meetings.

Editor for several years of Swiss Methodism's weekly *Schweizer Evangelist*, Bishop Sigg headed Methodist publishing work in his native Switzerland before election to the episcopacy.

Joins Together Staff

Ernestine C. Cofield, a Chicago area writer and editor, has joined the staff of *TOGETHER* as an associate editor.

Miss Cofield, most recently manag-

ing editor of *INFO* newspaper in Gary, Ind., formerly held positions with the *Chicago Daily Defender*, and the promotion department of the American Broadcasting Company-Television.

She is a journalism graduate of Lincoln University, Jefferson City, Mo.

Publishing House Sales Soar

Methodist Publishing House sales reached a record \$33,157,338 in the year ending last July 31, Lovick Pierce reported to members of the Methodist Board of Publication, meeting in Nashville, Tenn.

Making his 20th annual statement to the board, the Publishing House president and publisher said that sales of church-school publications, books, and other materials pushed income to a hefty \$5,799,923 over the previous fiscal year.

For the third consecutive year, the publications board appropriated \$700,000 for the support of retired Methodist ministers, minister's widows, and orphaned children. In the 26 years since Methodist unification, \$11,865,000 has been channeled to this cause from Publishing House profits.

Mr. Pierce also reported that:

- Orders for the new *Methodist Hymnal*, several months before publication date, total more than 500,000 copies.

- The first 100,000 copies of *Young Reader's Bible* sold out and a second printing came off the press in early December.

- Abingdon Press, an MPH division, published 104 new books during the year—9 of them book-club selections.

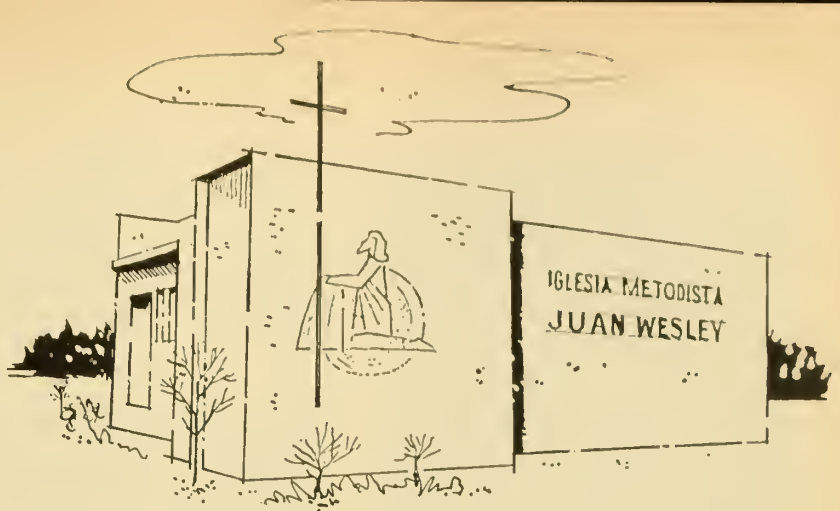
- The number of "active Cokesbury-registered" church libraries increased 14 percent, and now totals more than 15,000. Cokesbury is the MPH's retail division.

Mr. Pierce spoke of the first adult materials of the new church curriculum series to be published in the fall of 1967, and the youth curriculum changeover slated for completion one year later.

In a discussion of the proposed union of The Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren Churches, several board members suggested that on the presently projected timetable the union might be "premature."

Bradshaw Mintener, a Washington, D.C., attorney, said he is "not against church union, but I think we're going too fast." Mr. Mintener made specific reference to the problems involved in merging the publishing interests of the two denominations and said he is "in favor of settling these things before the union takes place."

The General Conferences of The Methodist and EUB Churches will meet simultaneously in November, 1966, to vote on the union proposal.



A Mortgage for Juan Wesley

USING a converted tavern as its sanctuary and a chicken coop for its church-school classes, the young Juan Wesley Methodist Church in Arecibo, Puerto Rico, was growing, but under severe handicaps.

About the same time in Milton, Mass., the congregation of Parkway Community Methodist Church happily burned the last in a series of mortgages spanning 35 years.

Then, in November, 1963, with the Massachusetts church's property newly debt-free, Pastor Wilbur C. Ziegler chose his words carefully and preached a sermon that is still vividly remembered.

"He challenged us to think beyond ourselves," recalls Mrs. Dayton M. Smith, "and to fulfill Christ's commission to go into all the world. It was his prayer that, having worked hard and willingly at home, we would share something of the same devotion with others."

The sermon grabbed at the minds and hearts of Parkway parishioners and was carefully discussed by the official board. Mrs. Smith was named chairman of a project committee that set out, through the Methodist Board of Missions, to find a congregation with great needs and possibilities.

There was no dearth of candidates, and in the months that followed, members of Parkway Church learned much about the world's aching needs and the aid that a thriving parish like theirs could offer.

"Many missions projects, where people are very much at work help-

ing themselves, need that 'second mile' help from fellow Christians," says Mrs. Smith.

Her committee felt that Parkway could most effectively help Juan Wesley Church, where 300 Puerto Rican Methodists were meeting in the converted tavern whose bar had been replaced by an altar, and where Christian education was being undertaken in the converted chicken coop.

The people of Juan Wesley were giving sacrificially to help provide better facilities, and the Board of Missions was assisting. But more help was needed.

Just as the plans were jelling, Mr. Ziegler was transferred from the Parkway pastorate. But with his successor, the Rev. Gilbert Y. Taverner, supporting the plans, Parkway's official board approved its committee's work and made arrangements for another mortgage on its property. This one, for \$20,000, was used immediately for construction of a Christian-education building at Juan Wesley Church.

Parkway's gift heads the list of home-missions Advance Specials for the 1965 fiscal year [see *Pace Advance Special Giving*, page 14], and the congregation has the distinction of being the first to mortgage its property for a Board of Missions project.

"We hope," says Mrs. Smith, "that it may truly serve as an inspiration for other churches wishing to share with those far and near the joys of brotherhood in the Christian Gospel."

—CAROL M. DOIG



this month

With DAVID O. POINDEXTER
Broadcasting and Film Commission
National Council of Churches

AS I watched a typical slice of Friday-evening TV recently, it occurred to me that we no longer need to produce our own daydreams. TV does this for us. Despotism is vanquished (*Mister Roberts*). Innocence is triumphant (*Gomer Pyle*). Men caught in captivity brave danger and overcome tyranny (*Hogan's Heroes*). Foreign spies threaten, but our agents outwit them and put them to flight (*Honey West*).

As the plots unfold, we identify with the underdogs, are outraged by injustice and evil, sometimes are chilled with delicious danger. But before each show ends, our heroes (and we with them) have triumphed.

The only rub is that tomorrow we will awaken to the real world, with its unsolved problems and unvanquished injustices.

I suspect that we are not much different from Walter Mitty, whose daydreams were an escape from problems—particularly conflicts with authority. But psychologists say that one of our major problems is to come to terms with authority figures, be they parents, spouses, bosses, civic officers, or others. Children seek escape, but mature adults seek creative relationships.

When this is applied to TV, we see reasons for concern. Ours seems to be a culture seeking mass escape through identity with TV and movie heroes that "solve" authority problems in fantastic ways.

There have been exceptions, of course, in *Slaterry's People* and other reality-oriented series such as *The Defenders* and *East Side, West Side*. But we went to bed troubled by the real problems of our world. *Slaterry* lasted two weeks this season before the ax fell. And our hands held the ax handle, via the ratings.

What concerns me are the long-term consequences of constant exposure to this fantasy world of Don Quixote, when we live where the blades of real windmills threaten to decapitate us. If a World War II bluejacket obtains vicarious pleasure as *Mister Roberts* outwits

a sadistic commanding officer, fine. But *escape as a steady diet is sick*.

Backstage recently lamented the low ratings of *Trials of O'Brien*. In contrast, it listed *Get Smart* and *I Spy* (the Bond influence), plus *F Troop* and *Wackiest Ship* (war is hilarious) in the ratings' top 20. It concluded: "From the pilots now under consideration, it appears that Mr. and Mrs. Public will have the same fodder next season. In addition to the run of Bonds-men (and women), civilized hillbillies, genies, and funny PT boats, plans are afoot for such 'camp' projects as *Batman*, *Superman* and a new hero, *Aquaman*. You can't argue with success."

Many of my serious friends have given up on TV. But to abdicate responsibility for our culture, which is so largely conditioned by television programming, is simply another form of escape. Besides, worthwhile programs can be found, as in these specials:

December 17, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on NBC—*Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol*. A repeat of last year's special.

December 18, 9:30-10:30 p.m., EST on ABC—*The Big Sky Country*, second in the *This Proud Land* series. The prairies, plains, and mountains.

December 22, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*Miss Goodall Among the Apes*. Story of Jane Goodall, who spent five years in Tanzania making the first comprehensive study of apes in their natural environment.

December 22, 9-10 p.m., EST on NBC—*Michelangelo, Part I: The Last Giant*. Peter Ustinov is the voice of Michelangelo; and Jose Ferrer will narrate. Shot where Michelangelo lived and worked.

December 26, 11:30-12:00 m., EST on ABC—*The World of Charles Dickens*, filmed in Dickens' home for the *Discovery 66* series.

January 12, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on CBS—Leonard Bernstein's *Young People's Concert*.

January 12, 9-10 p.m., EST on ABC—*The Sm Country*, the third *This Proud Land* series special. □

If the plan is approved, union could follow in 1968.

Elected to fill a Board of Publication vacancy was retired Air Force Col. William O. Elzay of Port Washington, N.Y. Eugene McElvaney, Dallas Texas, bank executive, is chairman of the 45-member board, composed of laymen and ministers from across the nation.

Need 90 Missionaries

Ninety young men and women with the right qualifications are being sought to answer the 1966 call for special-term missionaries at home and overseas.

The Methodist Board of Missions needs 40 workers, called U.S.-2s, to give two years of missionary service in this country, and 50 overseas 3s to serve three years abroad.

For the third year, special attention is being focused on the overseas program. Three countries are singled out for special emphasis in 1966. Indonesia needs theologically articulate young men to work with youth and adults. Korea is calling for both men and women to teach high-school English and assist with reconstruction. The Congo seeks a team of six persons to help develop youth, and join 15 missionaries who arrived in 1965.

The need for U.S.-2s includes teachers of various subjects for mission schools, group workers for community centers, personnel for larger parish and group ministries in town and country areas, nurses for mission medical centers, program specialists and house-parents for children's homes, and inner-city workers.

'Grant' Visits Old Pew

Wearing a full beard and the uniform of a four-star Union Army general, a Methodist minister played the role of Ulysses S. Grant at a centennial service of Spring Garden Street Methodist Church in Philadelphia, Pa.

General Grant's impersonator was the Rev. Warren C. Riedel, pastor of Christiana Methodist Church near Lancaster, Pa.

The historical event recalled that the Civil War general and former President (one of four Methodists to occupy the White House) attended the church's dedication service 100 years ago, and contributed \$600 toward the building fund. A silver plate marks the Grant pew.

On that day a century ago, Methodist Bishop Matthew Simpson preached the dedication sermon. Two months before, he had officiated at Lincoln's funeral.

The old church is one of three Methodist churches recently reorganized into the Fairmount Parish to serve



"General and Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant" attended centennial services of historic Philadelphia church in the persons of the Rev. Warren C. Riedel and Mrs. Arthur Cohan, Elizabethtown, Pa.

a congested and racially mixed neighborhood. The Rev. Gary Beard is pastor of the inner city congregation.

'Monopoly' on Welfare

"Private institutions are being crowded out of the picture," 100 administrators of Methodist-related homes for the aged in 28 states were warned recently.

Thomas Jenkins, of the American Association of Homes for Aging, urged churchmen to staunchly resist the efforts of government to monopolize welfare work—94 percent of which, he said, is already conducted by government agencies.

Considerable attention at the Franklin, Ind., workshop was focused on

the cancellation of tax exemptions for private homes by local authorities. A survey of 62 homes across the country revealed that two thirds of the homes continue to be exempt from county taxes, but only 33 are free from municipal taxation.

The Rev. Howard W. Washburn, Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes, said efforts are underway to remove tax exemption of homes in some states—notably New Jersey, Wisconsin, and Indiana.

Saddle Up for Baltimore

Sumner L. Martin is 77 years old, but come April he will saddle up in Greencastle, Ind., and set off on a 600-mile horseback pilgrimage to Baltimore, Md.

The retired Methodist minister is one of 12 clergymen who will ride from various parts of the country to the bicentennial celebration of American Methodism at the Baltimore Civic Center, April 21-24, 1966.

Originally, a Saddlebags East Committee put out a call for one minister to make an 800-mile ride to Baltimore from Cape Girardeau, Mo., commemorating the ministry of Methodist circuit riders.

But 130 hopefuls applied—some of them with whooping enthusiasm and impressive credentials as rodeo performers, movie cowboys, and still-active cowhands—so a dozen riders were picked. All will preach in Methodist churches along their routes, tell tales of Methodist history, and bed down at night in Methodist parsonages.

Pastors chosen to ride, in addition to superannuate Mr. Martin, are the following, listed with starting point:

- John R. Allan, Farwell (Mich.)

New Methodist Congregations

Each year since 1960, Methodism has tried unsuccessfully to attain a goal of establishing 400 new congregations annually—but there have been gains.

Here are a dozen more of the infant congregations reported to the Methodist Board of Evangelism in 1965, listed with charter date, organizing pastor, and membership:

Dunnellon, Fla.—Rainbow Lakes Methodist Church, April 18. Morris J. Holtzclaw; 72 members.

Arkansas City, Kans.—Aldersgate Methodist Church, May 2. R. Herbert Bolinger, Jr.; 106 members.

Deltona, Fla.—First Methodist Church, May 2. H. Wight Kirtley; 102 members.

Old Saybrook, Conn.—Old Saybrook Methodist Church, May 9. Carl Lundborg; 42 members.

Bonnieville, Ky.—Bonnieville Methodist Church, May 9. Chandler E. Ford; 31 members.

Northport, Ala.—St. Marks Methodist

Church, May 30. Charles W. Bell; 185 members.

New Port Richey, Fla.—Community Methodist Church, May 30. Robert Neill; 25 members.

Greenwood, S.C.—Trinity Methodist Church, May 30. Donald Cavin; 43 members.

Monroe, N.C.—Rolling Hills Methodist Church, June 6. R. L. Poindexter, Jr.; 35 members.

Pikeville, Ky.—Pleasant Valley Methodist Church, June 20. Donald Wayne Hatton; 12 members.

Columbia, S.C.—Fair Lawn Methodist Church, June 20. C. O. Pittman; 140 members.

North Little Rock, Ark.—Indian Hills Methodist Church, June 21. William C. Haltom; 117 members.

New Methodist congregations should be reported directly to the Rev. Charles D. Whittle, Board of Evangelism, 1908 Grand Ave., Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

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Two Methodists were among 4-H Club members chosen to brief President Johnson on the club's activities at the White House. At left is James D. Sillers, 19, a student of veterinary medicine who is active at First Methodist Church in North Branch, Mich. Beside the President is Elizabeth Covington, 16, of Minneapolis' Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church, who hopes to become a psychiatric social worker. The other 4-H'er is Wayne Dabney, 18, a Baptist from Verden, Okla.

Methodist Church, starting from Kalamazoo, Mich.

- Daniel T. Benedict, Sr., Conquest Methodist Church, Port Byron, N.Y., to depart from same location.

- John L. Camp, starting from Trinity Methodist Church, Patton, Pa.

- Tommy Faggart, Fairview Methodist Church, Burlington, N.C., starting from Durham, N.C.

- Charles E. Covington, Epworth Methodist Church, Rehoboth Beach, Del., riding from Barratt's Chapel, Frederica, Del.

- Sydney C. Dillinger, Jr., McCracken (Kans.) Methodist Church, starting from Cape Girardeau, Mo.

- Woodrow W. Hayzlett, Central Methodist Church, Arlington, Va., from Leesburg, Va.

- R. Kenneth Keiper, Bolivar (Pa.) Methodist Church, from Uniontown, Pa.

- William W. Richardson, Macksburg (Iowa) Methodist Church, starting from Omaha, Nebr.

- Lester Spencer, St. Mark Methodist Church, Mobile, Ala., will ride from Montgomery, Ala.

- Dan W. Tohline, Wesley Methodist Church, Sulphur, La., to ride from Vidalia, La.

Pace Advance Special Giving

A church in Texas and another in Massachusetts led Methodist giving last year to overseas and home missions, respectively, through Advance Specials. These are voluntary gifts over and above World Service general benevolence support. The donor-church designates its own Advance Special project.

Marvin Memorial Methodist Church in Tyler, Texas, according to a Meth-

odist Board of Missions report, was the highest-giving local church to overseas missions Specials, with \$63,-670. The \$20,035 contribution of Parkway Methodist Church in Milton, Mass., ranked it No. 1 in supporting home-missions Specials.

Runner-up congregations in the two categories, respectively, were St. Luke's Methodist Church in Oklahoma City, \$40,732, and Covenant Methodist Church in Springfield, Pa., \$13,516.

Annual conference totals revealed that Florida Conference's \$378,312 for projects abroad was tops among Methodism's 92 annual conferences. Oklahoma Conference gave \$154,307 for domestic-mission work to lead all others.

Methodists in the News

The Rev. Alfred C. Thompson, pastor of the Vanderveer Park Methodist Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., who last year promoted the distribution of an interfaith 60-word daily prayer imprinted on dust jackets for school textbooks, has been elected national chaplain of the American Legion.

Joseph S. McVicker, 34-year-old industrialist whose Cincinnati toy company developed annual sales estimated at \$3.5 million in nine years, has sold his company to General Mills to study theology at Harvard Divinity School. Mr. McVicker, president of Rainbow Crafts, Inc., which made "Play-Doh" modeling clay and related toys for children, says he may or may not enter the ministry. "I want to do this more than anything I ever wanted to do," he explains, "but I don't know where it is going to lead."

DISSENT: A Catalyst for Conscience

RECENT antidraft protests and demonstrations against U.S. policy in Viet Nam have been upsetting, but there is cause for deeper concern in certain *responses* to the protests, and in the fact that fundamental issues raised by the protesters still haven't been dealt with in significant public debate.

The protests have, of course, touched off a wave of analysis and opinion. Unfortunately, most of the energy to date has been expended on questions that, in this particular debate, are secondary. Prominent among them are these two:

1. *Freedom of speech.* It should not be necessary to remind Americans that the constitutionally guaranteed freedom to express an opinion is not a right reserved for the majority. The right to dissent is a mark of the democratic society, and distinguishes it from a dictatorship. Of course, as Vice-President Humphrey has said, "The right to be heard does not automatically include the right to be taken seriously."

Strange, isn't it, that some who now call for suppression of foreign-policy criticism have themselves complained loudest about domestic policies? Either we have freedom of speech, or we don't; it cannot be rationed according to the issue.

Some administration officials and congressional leaders have shown a disturbing tendency to treat any questioning of present foreign policy as tantamount to treason. President Johnson has expressed dismay about protests "not consistent with the national interest." But that is precisely the question raised by many protesters: What is the national interest?

2. *Patriotism.* Much comment also has centered on the loyalty or sincerity of the protesters. Admittedly, some have leftist views, and a few are merely faddists. But as the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns declared after the mid-October rash of protests, "The intrusion of persons of questionable motivation in any demonstration does not invalidate the witness of the group as a whole."

Surely it is apparent that thousands of those raising serious questions about our Viet Nam policy—among them clergymen of all faiths—are patriots in the most profound sense. Theirs are not the strident voices of self-styled superpatriots with "the crazy combative patriotism that plainly threatens to destroy civilization," as historian H. G. Wells once said. No, the nature of the true patriot is indicated far better by Marya Mannes' observation that "the higher your hopes for it (your country), the more keenly are you aware of the obstacles that might prevent their realization."

Verbal skirmishes on secondary issues such as these have diverted attention from these two areas in which the protesters are raising basic questions:

1. *What should U.S. policy be in Viet Nam?* Since

last summer, the President and others have clarified certain goals. Nevertheless, as Walter Lippmann has pointed out, over the past year "there has been a radical change of policy for the war in Viet Nam. It has occurred without serious, thorough, informing and candid discussion and responsible debate in Washington."

It is not to suggest that every foreign policy decision should be put to popular vote. Those who wrestle with these questions daily and must determine what to do next in a constantly shifting situation merit our profound respect and admiration—though not our blind support. Many serious students of foreign affairs, and a majority of the American people, believe our present course in Viet Nam represents the best choice from a tangle of alternatives. But how can we decide intelligently unless the essential facts are available and we can discuss them openly?

It is this absence of free exchange, the tight control of news, and a hostility even to questions that is most disturbing, even to some who support present policies. Informational gaps and contradictions abound. For example, it apparently is true that our government has twice refused to participate in conferences with North Vietnamese officials—conferences set up by UN Secretary-General U Thant. But this directly contradicts our stated policy of always having been open to unconditional discussions. Is our policy the word, or the deed?

2. *War is evil.* With escalation of U.S. involvement in Viet Nam has come an increase of "war psychology." Yet if ever we accept without question the necessity of war, or ignore nonmilitary means of accomplishing objectives, or cease feeling the terrific tension between a deep desire for peace and what seems to be no choice but to fight, we will have lost our humanity. War is, and always has been, an ugly, brutal, inhuman business.

So when we find ourselves involved in a war, even against our wishes, do we detach our conscience for the duration? Do we bathe civilians in fire bombs on the chance one or two might be enemies? Do we torture prisoners because the enemy does? Is there no way we can accomplish humane objectives without committing such offenses against humanity?

There are no easy answers to such questions. But war must be subject to moral judgment, even if every decision must be an agonizing compromise. If we lose sight of the ideal, or if we hide in the crowd to avoid wrestling the way to an individual judgment, we surrender to death.

It is for this reason that the right—in fact, the obligation—to dissent must be upheld. For the protesters remind us, when we might otherwise forget, that principles must not always yield to expediency, and that neither we nor our nation have yet reached perfection.

—YOUR EDITORS

✿ Negotiations looking toward union of The Methodist Church with the Evangelical United Brethren denomination have been in progress for several years. Now, with General Conferences of both churches scheduled to act on a proposed Plan of Union in 1966, Methodist leaders are expressing fears that our people are not prepared for this significant step. Here are arguments—and cautions—concerning the plan.

The Future Is Upon Us

By ROY H. SHORT

Bishop, Louisville Area, The Methodist Church



Bishop Short, a member of Methodism's Uniting Conference in 1939, was editor of *The Upper Room* before his election to the episcopacy in 1948.

THE PROPOSED union of The Methodist Church with the Evangelical United Brethren Church is moving toward reality. Next November, the General Conferences of our two denominations will meet in Chicago to cast the first decisive votes on the union which is projected to take place in 1968. The written plan on which our leaders will vote is now complete, the result of several years of work by a 37-member joint commission representing both churches.

I share the fears of many who feel that our people are not adequately prepared for this significant decision. Thousands of Methodists, including hundreds of our preachers, simply do not know what the proposal is all about.

In the past, major changes in the life of Methodism have come largely as a result of ground swells of opinion which gripped the entire church, or at least a large part of it, for a period of considerable time. Methodist union in 1939 was the result of such a ground swell. People everywhere desired union. For years they talked union; and at last union came.

The same thing was true earlier when divisions took place. The birth of the Methodist Protestant Church in 1830 was the result of a ground swell which was fed by strong, well-circulated publications which took firm stands. It found leadership in towering figures who were willing to separate from the church, if necessary, to stand by their convictions.

In 1844 it was the same story. Everywhere—North and South—there was ground swell of divided opinion. Delegates who met in New York in that fateful year spoke primarily for themselves, but they reflected the strong surge of opinion in the parts of the church from which they came. And so the separate churches of North and South were formed.

What happened in 1830, 1844, and 1939 was not surprising, considering the antecedents of these final events.

But as we approach the possibility of union in 1968, there is no such ground swell. On the contrary, in many quarters there is an absence of information, and a mood of indifference. This could defeat proper consideration of what is one of the most inviting possibilities Methodism has faced in a quarter of a century.

For many Methodists, the possibility of our union with the EUB Church has come rather suddenly. This includes much of our leadership, even some of our bishops and administrative leaders. A few persons, mostly those on our commissions on church union, have been aware of developments, but they represent only a small group in the total church. Many of our people live in sections of the country where there are no EUB churches, and they simply do not know these brethren. The time schedule which has been approved seeks to accomplish in four years what took a much longer time period before the Methodist union of 1939. This swiftness becomes a factor that must now be reckoned with.

Reasons for Union

There are a number of good arguments showing the reasonableness of union between Methodists and EUBs. Here are four:

1. Our two churches share a common background.

Methodist and EUB roots go down into the same soil of history. Both churches largely were products of the evangelical revival which, beginning in the Kentucky and Tennessee wilderness, swept the whole land in the beginning years of the 19th century. Organizationally, The Methodist Church antedated this revival by 16 years, but it became strongly typed by it, and the marks of this typing are still to be seen.

Someday someone may write an extended treatise on the Wilderness Revival. Out of it came the camp meeting movement, the intensification of Methodism's growth, the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and the movement from which the Church of the Disciples of Christ was born.

In those days there were large German-speaking groups in the United States. They, too, felt the influence of the evangelical revival. One result was the formation of two denominations—the Evangelical Association and the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. They merged in 1946 to form the present EUB Church.

Our Methodist forefathers felt quite close to these groups. Our first bishop, Francis Asbury, numbered their leaders among his close friends, and one of them—Philip Otterbein—participated in his consecration as a bishop. Popularly, they often were referred to as

"German Methodists," and even in those early years, there were discussions about their uniting with the Methodists. That union did not materialize, however, because Bishop Asbury felt that Methodism was not then strong enough to undertake German-language work along with the responsibility for evangelizing the English-speaking population. But within 16 years after Asbury's death in 1816, Methodism began to work with German-speaking people.

2. Both churches, across the years, have had a common emphasis.

The EUBs, like the Methodists, long have emphasized Christian experience. They have believed and still believe strongly in conversion as the miracle of redeeming love wrought in the soul of the believer.

"In the past, major changes in the life of Methodism have come largely as a result of ground swells of opinion which gripped the entire church, or at least a large part of it, for a period of considerable time. But as we approach the possibility of union in 1968, there is no such ground swell."

Like the Methodists, they have cherished the ideal of Christian perfection and have challenged their people to seek to be made perfect in love in this life. They, like the Methodists, have stressed the disciplines of personal piety such as prayer, Bible study, the practice of good works, and devotion to such ideals as abstinence, simplicity of living, and Christian stewardship. In their *Discipline*, in fact, they have spelled out some of these things more specifically than we Methodists have in ours. Generally they have been thought of across the years as pietists, but their pietism has been of a normal and healthy variety.

The EUBs, like the Methodists, always have stressed works of charity and goodwill. Their philanthropies have been many, and their record of giving to meet human need has had sacrificial quality. Finally, like the Methodists, they have had a profound social conscience. For many years the two churches have stood side by side in the fight against the liquor traffic. Today they stand vigorously committed to the battles for racial justice, for the elimination of war, and for the abolition of poverty and other social evils.

3. In many sections of the United States, the EUB Church and The Methodist Church face a common responsibility for mission.

This is particularly true in states which once had large German populations—Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Here EUB parishes and Methodist parishes often overlap. In these states, the situation is similar to that of the border conferences in east Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri before union of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1939. Methodist-EUB union may solve many practical problems

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and make possible the redistribution of considerable resources of men and money.

4. *Finally, union between these two churches is in harmony with the spirit of our time.*

We live in a day when the ecumenical tide is running strong. Even unions between churches with widely differing traditions and backgrounds are receiving serious consideration. Certainly a union between churches as much alike as ours merits full consideration. Many, in fact, believe that the stress, for the time being at least, should be upon these "family" unions rather than upon unions between widely differing groups.

A Look at Cautions

Without minimizing these arguments favoring Methodist-EUB union, I think it is not out of order to express certain cautions as well:

1. *Methodist-EUB union should not be sought simply in the interest of bigness.*

This is not a worthy goal either for The Methodist Church, which in a sense would receive 750,000 members, or for the EUB, which would gain 11 million. Bigness itself does not make a church. Moreover, bigness has its genuine perils, for a big church may easily find itself saying, "I am rich, and increased with goods and have need of nothing." And a relatively small church, like the EUB, may realize in its own life the fulfillment of the promise, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom."

2. *Union should not be sought as a device to salvage a declining situation.*

Historically, it appears that when all goes well with churches, they are little interested in union, but when decline sets in, that interest often is stimulated. While, in the opinion of some persons, both Methodists and EUBs have suffered some decline in recent years, at least in evangelistic zeal, it should not be assumed that mere union of forces will result in a new infusion of spiritual life.

3. *Union ought not to be made to carry the burden of wide-sweeping church restructuring.*

Some sincere persons and groups in both churches are strongly committed to the idea of church renewal and believe that renewal can be accomplished by radical alteration of church structure. Some of them now are saying that Methodist-EUB union ought not

to come at all unless it embodies almost total restructuring of both churches.

Perhaps such total restructure is desirable. The doctors disagree at this point. Suffice it to say that radical restructure cannot be accomplished in the short time span called for under the plan of union. We should not defeat this union merely because of the desire to pursue the ideal. The tomorrows will have their contribution to make, too, toward structuring the ideal church.

Much Is Familiar

Nothing proposed either in the new Constitution or the *Discipline* for the united church tends to alter familiar basic Methodist structures very radically. The existing *Disciplines* of both churches have been drawn upon freely—one at one point and the other at another. Broadly speaking, the general outline of the Methodist *Discipline* is more generally followed since it is more comprehensive and more methodically arranged. It may be stated fairly that where features not in the Methodist *Discipline* have been taken from the EUB pattern, it is because these commend themselves strongly to the Methodist commissioners. Among commission members there has been no battling for the familiar, but rather a marked readiness to learn from one another. The task has been made easier because much material in both *Disciplines* is closely parallel. Here are some chief elements of the Plan of Union:

- 1. *The Name.* During early deliberations of the two commissions, it was suggested that the new church be called "The United Methodist Church." In 1964, however, our General Conference endorsed continuing the use of the name we now have. This, EUB leaders frankly said, would constitute a difficult hurdle for many of their people since it would seem to carry the idea that they were merely joining The Methodist Church. The committee has faced the matter by providing that the legal name shall be "The United Methodist Church," but that in all except legal documents the shorter name, "The Methodist Church," may be used. Certainly, as in the case of the United Presbyterian Church, this shortened version may be expected to be the name most commonly used.

- 2. *Episcopacy.* The episcopacy as known in The Methodist Church is retained, with elections of bishops in the jurisdictions for life terms. The EUB leadership has yielded considerably at this point because their bishops are subject to reelection every four years. In all the years of EUB history, however, only one bishop failed to be reelected until retirement age. So the actual difference may not be as real as it might appear.

- 3. *The Ministry.* The commission has prepared its report to take the EUB pattern of having one order for the ordained ministry—that of elder. Methodism now has two orders—elder and deacon. There already is strong Methodist support for the proposed change since it was made by a special Methodist committee on the ministry to the General Conference of 1964. That report, however, was recommitted for further

study and still waits to be approved as a new policy. Either way, the local and supply ministry is to be retained in the united church.

- 4. *Jurisdictions.* While some pressures were brought to abolish the jurisdictional system altogether, the plan of union allows it to be retained basically as we know it. In a church so large and so widespread, the protections of the jurisdictional system surely will be needed. The same holds for the Central Conference system outside the United States.

In accord with the request of the 1964 General Conference, however, there are no references by name to Methodism's Central (Negro) Jurisdiction. If the union is adopted, Negro conferences automatically will be absorbed into the geographical jurisdictions. In this way, what commonly was referred to at the 1964 General Conference as "step one" in Methodist racial integration will be taken automatically everywhere. What lies beyond is for the unfolding future to determine.

EUB membership in 33 North American conferences (including two in Canada) is divided among the five jurisdictions as follows: Northeastern, 273,172; Southeastern, 31,731; North Central, 362,507; South Central, 48,351; and Western, 34,689.

- 5. *Councils.* The EUB Church has what is termed a Council of Administration. Some features of this body are included in plans for the new church. This could represent an advance over what we Methodists have known, particularly at the point of having a means of co-ordinating programs at the general-church level. We have had no such body, and it is greatly needed. The work of the general boards and agencies thus could be co-ordinated, and the approach to the local church made more unified. Program councils would also be provided for at local-church levels.

Three major Methodist councils would be retained: the Council on World Service and Finance, as the fiscal body of the church; the Co-ordinating Council, charged with reviewing work and plans of boards and agencies and with long-range planning; and the Council of Secretaries, to provide opportunities for consultation among our denominational executives.

- 6. *General Conference.* The General Conference as we have known it will continue. One major change is made, however, in the election of delegates. Delegates are to be chosen on a twofold basis. First, one half are to be elected on the basis of the number of clerical members in the annual conference. Second, one half are to be elected on the basis of the total number of church members. This provides a decided advantage over our present Methodist system by which the thousands of Methodists served by supply pastors actually are unrepresented in the calculation of General Conference membership.

- 7. *The 12-Year Rule.* The plan of union provides for continuance of former EUB annual conferences for a period of up to 12 years after union, if they so desire. During this period, these former EUB conferences

could continue to use their familiar procedures, such as the election of district superintendents. It is anticipated that only a few EUB conferences will take advantage of this provision, which is simply a device to make the acceptance of union easier for the minority church. During the 12-year period, the plan guarantees representation for former EUBs in conferences and on boards and agencies in twice the number their numerical strength would indicate.

A Sense of Participation

It is proposed that the seven EUB bishops in office at the time of union would be assigned to the jurisdictions on this plan: two each to the Northeastern and North Central Jurisdictions, where EUB strength lies, and one each to the Southeastern, South Central, and Western Jurisdictions. It is felt that this will dramatize the fact of union and give all sections of the church a sense of participating in it.

The work of both churches in other lands is to be carried forward by one Board of Missions. The union will mean a great strengthening of work in Germany and Switzerland where both churches are strong. It also will introduce Methodists to mission fields unfamiliar to them, such as Sierra Leone, and acquaint EUBs with the more than 40 lands where we work.

The boards and agencies of the two churches roughly parallel each other, and bringing them together should cause no serious problems. In some cases, as

"Radical restructure cannot be accomplished in the short time span called for under the plan of union. We should not defeat union merely because of the desire to pursue the ideal. The tomorrows will have their contribution to make, too, toward structuring the ideal church."

with publishing interests and pensions, a period of time may be necessary to guarantee the conservation of vast assets and to provide adequately for a smoothly working pattern of operation for the merged enterprise.

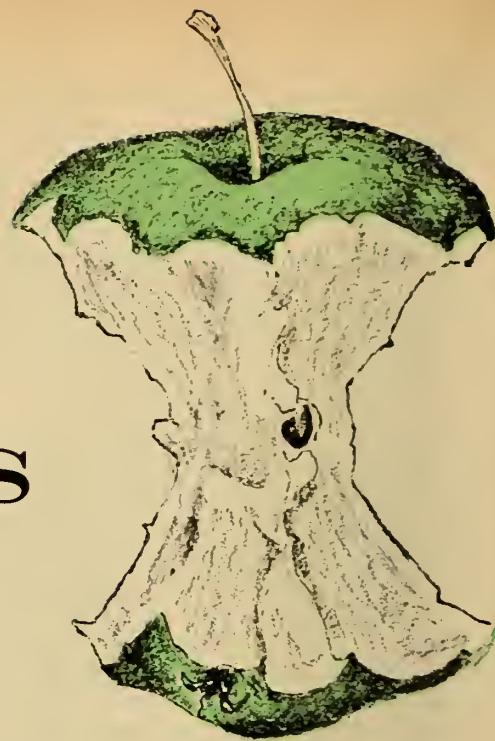
A final word needs to be said about institutions. The EUB Church has developed some strong and outstanding institutions including seminaries, colleges, and agencies of philanthropy such as homes for children and for older people to which German-speaking groups traditionally have been devoted. These, added to Methodism's institutions, will give the new church a program unmatched in the Protestant world.

Methodists always have felt kindly toward other Christian bodies, and we are disposed to join with them in whatever promises to accomplish good. Our union with the Evangelical United Brethren offers a new opportunity for Methodism to translate such sentiment into action. Through it we would be joining hands with a group of brothers in the household of faith with whom we share a common tradition, a common spiritual emphasis, a common loyalty to one Lord, and a common hope under God for a better world tomorrow. □

Marriage is many things, including a little church, a little state, a little economic world, a little school, a little playground—and unconditional commitment to the common good.

THE First 25 Years Are the Hardest

By DAVID WESLEY SOPER



NOT LONG ago I met a broad-shouldered bachelor of 65. I asked him: "How is it that you never married?"

"Marriage!" he snorted. "That's for women!"

In my opinion, not many women would agree with him. The real reason we men marry women when they are young is this: If they were older and wiser, they might not marry us at all. Mothers always weep at the marriage of their daughters; they know from long experience that marriage is a bed of roses—complete with thorns.

In all probability, men need women more than women need men. To a man, a woman is a necessity; every engine needs a driver. To a woman, a man is neither a necessity nor a luxury; he is often a pain in the neck.

Teaching and learning are not the same thing. My wife has *taught* me many lessons; I have *learned* but few. Let me just list a half dozen of the "home truths" my wife has taught me.

The first is this: Judgment (or suffering) is the price of love. Your wife is so anxious to nurse you back to health that she first wounds you to make the nursing necessary. Before she can love you, she must first deflate your ego, decrease your

masculine megalomania, and reduce you to lovable—or pitiable—proportions.

You think you are a big shot; she knows you are a little shot. She cannot possibly love you till you have looked the facts in the face. In this sense, marriage at times is not so much a display of endearing qualities as a test of endurance.

My wife has taught me a second thing: it's easier to preach religion abroad than to practice it at home. My father was a preacher; my mother was a preacher; both my sisters are preachers; both married preachers; I preach because preaching is my life. The only member of my family who does not preach is my wife—she practices and she gets her point across at home. No matter what you think you think, your actual religion is the one you practice—at your fireside.

I have learned a third thing from my wife: I am not God. It has slowly dawned upon me that I am not running the universe, though I am sometimes allowed to run the lawn mower and the errands.

The fourth thing is this: Socialism, not capitalism, is the law of the home. Married men are usually capitalists by nature; they want to control the pursestrings. Married women are socialists by nature;

they have taken seriously some fool's advice about fair shares. Women knew about going on strike long before labor unions were invented. The simple truth about the Garden of Eden is that it was not Adam but Eve, who ate the apple; all Adam could find was the core. Eve, not Adam, acquired the knowledge of good and evil. You cannot tell me she was willing for Adam to become as wise as she. Profoundly speaking, we men are simpletons. When we are wise, we do as we are told.

My wife has taught me a fifth thing—to accept criticism. Dictators know that success depends upon how effectively they can silence criticism. Democracy thrives on healthy criticism of the party in power. Men are dictators by nature; often they are determined to be the boss or know the reason why. When they are married, they learn the reason.

My wife has taught me a sixth thing: pleasure in work and play depends primarily on happy personal relations, only secondarily on professional expertness. Women are seldom impressed with their husband's public acclaim or accomplishment; they are apt to consider that the more expert a man is abroad, the poorer sport he is at

home. His finer qualities are largely "for export only." Men are always busy being lawyers or doctors or merchants or preachers; women are always busy making their lawyers or doctors or merchants or preachers into men—a nobler category.

When you stop to think about it, all the problems of the world are present in the miniature world of marriage. If two people can get along creatively together, the nations can. The problems are the same. If two people cannot get along, neither can the nations. When a husband and wife treat each other as Russia and the United States do, their marriage proves a perpetual cold war. The same self-righteousness in husband and wife splits the world of marriage—and the war is not always cold.

No marriage can really succeed without an occasional "truth meeting," a "high-level talk"—as necessary between husband and wife as between diplomats. We used to play a parlor game called "Truth." Naturally, our intimate friends were sometimes less intimate from then on. The rules of the game are simple: you take turns describing each other's faults. I do not recommend the game to tender-minded or tenderhearted folk. As a matter of fact, I do not recommend marriage to the tender-minded or tenderhearted, for a marriage itself is a truth meeting. An occasional high-level conference, summit talk, a meeting of the minds, is an absolute necessity. If you carry on till each side has had a chance to speak freely and fully, you will love each other with new depth. (But don't just be telling the truth all the time; no one could stand that, least of all yourself.)

Marriage is a miniature Congress, and there are two sides to most arguments—your side and the right side. If you give the truth meeting an honest chance, the coldness that has accumulated between you will disappear. You break through the iron curtain that has risen between you, and rediscover each other with new devotion and desire. Love itself is rekindled in the experience. But you must be prepared to surrender self-righteousness and self-pity; you must be prepared to see the thing

through and not stop at the first conflict of opinion. A truth meeting will cure whatever boredom seems to have descended on your marriage, and it will eliminate tension altogether. Try it and see. And by all means agree in advance to cast a unanimous ballot at the hour of adjournment.

Marriage, as everyone knows, is a combination of romantic attachment and respect for character. Neither alone is enough. My wife and I have been blessed (for a time we doubted this) with two beautiful daughters. From the day they were 15, we had to sweep young Lochinvars off the porch. We gave up sleep for four years.

Looking back at the experience today, we discover that both daughters have shown unsuspected good sense. We were certain they had no sense at all; after all, they were *our* daughters. We were married at 19—against the loud opposition of two families, and the louder opposition of two persons to whom we were previously engaged. Much to our surprise, each daughter survived innumerable opportunities to marry the wrong man and married the right one.

Each turned down the son and heir of a wealthy father. These young men were rejected not because they had money, but because that was all they had. Each daughter turned down an athletic hero; they wanted to marry minds as well as muscled. Each daughter turned down a young man brilliantly able but wholly unstable. Each daughter eventually married a youth capable of arousing her full romantic interest and, at the same time, her full respect and confidence.

THERE is immaturity to youth, to be sure, but also a native wisdom—the gift of God. My wife and I might have saved ourselves the falling hair, the fallen arches, the ulcers, and the nervous breakdowns, even the sleepless nights, worrying about our daughters.

Through this experience, my wife was more confident than I of the final outcome. She was crushed between the upper and the nether millstones. Between my children

and me, she found me much the more difficult.

Rightly considered, marriage is a *little church*; it begins in prayer at an altar, is strongest when it continues in prayer—a miniature Holy Communion. When it is open to God, it is open to guidance and growing faithfulness.

Marriage is also a *little state*, a small political world. Dictatorships are of short duration; only democracy has the toughness to survive.

Marriage is likewise a *little economic world*. Income is not primarily to enable a husband to throw his weight about, but to provide a genuine welfare society for wife and husband together.

And marriage is always a *little school*. Children learn something more than reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic; they learn the fourth R—responsibility, the meaning of love. Adults learn freedom and faithfulness in fellowship.

But marriage is also a *little playground*, a holiday, a honeymoon, a vacation at the beach—even a clandestine love affair. Every wife should know that being a mistress is more important than being a maid—to any husband worth keeping. A versatile wife is better than a harem. Her husband feels that he knows her, yet she eludes herself in perpetual mystery. Like any good mystery story, she keeps him in suspense, determined to read to the end of the book.

The love of God is unconditional commitment to the good of man. Human love at its best approaches unconditional commitment. When love makes conditions, it is not love but self-love, not a marriage but a bargain. Bargains are for the marketplace. Mankind as a whole is slowly learning that human survival depends upon unconditional commitment to the common good. Successful marriage is unconditional commitment—in theory, and even more in practice. Total commitment to the common good is required in husband and wife because it is the nature, and the gift, of God.

You ask, "Is this supposed to be the last word on marriage?"

I reply: "Don't be silly; when 'the last word' is spoken, a woman will speak it." □

Negotiating their way into the work world is a meat-and-potatoes activity for a tightly disciplined group of Christians who staff the still experimental Detroit Industrial Mission. They have spent a decade on a rarely penetrated frontier of the metropolis.

Taking the Church to the Factory

Text by Newman Cryer / Pictures by George P. Miller



THE personnel manager of a huge Detroit firm was skeptical.

"What would you clergymen talk about to a group of our engineers . . . if you had the chance?"

The question was directed to the Rev. Jesse E. Christman of the Detroit Industrial Mission staff. He and a Catholic priest had come to ask permission to gather a group of engineers for a series of conversations geared to problems they face in their jobs.

"We would want them to do most of the talking," Jess replied. "To

give you an idea, here is a list of topics we'd like to explore with them."

Scanning the list, the personnel manager seemed surprised to find such "unreligious" topics as "The engineer as a professional"; "How does my job affect my family life?" "Am I helping to make the kind of world I really want?"

Then, suggesting other topics for discussion, he gave a green light to use the company's conference room, after working hours—if they could find any interested engineers.

Through the efforts of one of them, 14 colleagues were recruited for a series on the "Human Dimensions of Engineering."

This is one way the Detroit Industrial Mission reaches small groups of people at all levels in one of the world's largest industrial centers. Its five-man, ecumenical staff works quietly, but with unquenchable vigor, to show the church's concern for people and their problems on the job.

The DIM met for nearly two years with one group of building



Stirring face-to-face talk is the business of DIM staffer James M. Campbell. He listens and leads in this biweekly lunchtime discussion group for production workers at the Whitehead & Kales steel fabricating plant in River Rouge. Most of the men shown here are oldtimers, with up to 20 years service. They talk union politics, on-the-job human and ethical problems.



contractors, suppliers, and architects to talk about the tough areas of competitive bidding, gambling aspects of contracting, dealing with labor unions, and being honest in today's cost-conscious market. Most discussions boiled down to this question: How do you keep your integrity in the dog-eat-dog construction business?

Though now well beyond the exploratory stage, the DIM is still a highly specialized ministry on a frontier of the church. It rigorously avoids a denominational approach

because it wants to work not only with Jews, Roman Catholics, and all Protestants but also with agnostics and atheists.

They Go to the People

A basic approach is to get into a plant and build contacts with men who can organize small groups for discussion. Instead of trying to get people to church, the DIM works hard at taking the church to people. Discussion topics are drawn from the concerns of each group.

It is not always easy to convince

plant managers about the goals of such groups. As one who worked successfully with DIM later put it:

"I kept waiting for the pitch. Church people usually want money or want you to do something. But I finally realized these people didn't want anything except the chance to serve some of their fellowmen. This was new to me, because in my experience the church seemed more interested in maintaining itself than in helping people."

To see how a staffer works with an established group, we trailed the Rev. James M. Campbell to the main plant of Whitehead and Kales, an old-line steel company in River Rouge. Its more than 1,750 shop workers and 400 management people fabricate and market structural steel and automobile-rack installations for railroad cars and highway trailers to haul Detroit's best-known product across America.

We were met at the gate by the contact person, Stanford Lozon, who happens to be vice-president of the United Steelworkers of America, Local 2341. We got badges for the day which admitted us to the place where, on signal of the noon whistle, a group of 11 production workers gathered for a lunch-hour discussion of "The Union as a Career Opportunity."

This particular group was to meet for only six sessions. At the end, another group was to be organized around a different topic, and opened to anyone in the plant who wanted to join in. Many of the same men continue in each new group formed.

Those in the group we visited chewed not only on sandwiches, but also on random gripes and comments overheard on the shop floor. For example:

"The few who really get going up the union ladder have to brown-nose it all the way."

"All right, tell me the truth: Does your son want to grow up to be a labor leader?"

"Why should I waste my time and talents? They just crucify you for it in the end."

The DIM has had close contact with this plant ever since the first series of discussions with a top management group more than five years ago. Since then, DIM has

worked mostly with welders, fitters, and other steelworkers in the shops. But there also have been sessions with lower-level management men.

A Variety of Groups

Staff members are reluctant to point to any group as typical. Each has a uniqueness determined by the men in it, their characteristic problems, and the individuals who serve on its steering committee. Altogether this year, DIM will be meeting with about 20 industry-related groups in and around Detroit.

A staff person's role, while varied, usually involves meeting with a group, feeding them resource material or helping them devise their own, listening, and summing up



William E. Drake, salesman:

"The DIM gets men into well-knit groups where they can let their hair down."

what has been said in the group.

In this kind of dialog, staffers try to get a group engaged in the kind of self-criticism that leads to innovation and improvement. They strive for sharply focused conversation which points a way to more responsible action—such as helping the union committeeman figure out how to get reelected and still do a good job, or the manager to see how he can consider the human values of a situation while he is trying to keep costs down and production and profits up.

Working in industry is primary with DIM, but a secondary thrust is made into the churches. This is

done through discussion groups composed of people in similar work and drawn from one or several congregations. These groups are important for two reasons. First, they enable DIM staff members to explore directly with churchmen the real issues of work life. And, second, these contacts help them gain entrance to factories and businesses where new on-the-job discussions may be started.

Pioneering in Mission

The idea of this mission to industry occurred to the Rev. Hugh C. White, Jr., while he served St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Ypsilanti. During a seven-year pastorate there, he noticed that nearly all



Robert C. Morrow, psychologist:

"This mission is a strong force below the surface in this industrial city."

the people pouring into the mushrooming suburb came to work in nearby industry. He sensed that the church had little to offer them—that, in fact, the church had no real communication with them.

His suspicions were reinforced by conversations with businessmen to probe their on-the-job problems, and by visits to factories, where he talked with blue-collar workers. These experiences led him to join the Parishfield Community in Brighton, Michigan, where he made a three-year study of Christianity and industrial life. With this background, he and one layman started the Detroit Industrial Mission in

May, 1956. Today, as the mission completes its first decade, he remains its executive director.

Hugh White is a dynamo of energy and enthusiasm. A native Detroit, he is chief administrator, ambassador-at-large, and coordinator and reviewer of staff activities. He makes high-level contacts in industry, church, and government—and still manages a share of the fieldwork, through which he helps train junior staff members.

Lately he has served as a consultant to the U.S. Department of Labor and as chairman of the Michigan Governor's Commission on Workmen's Compensation. The state now has an updated law based on the commission's studies.



Edgar R. Dansby, union agent:

"They've shown pastors some of the real problems and concerns the blue-collar worker has."

In its first years, the mission worked out of makeshift quarters in a parish church. Financial support came from a few concerned individuals, including the Rt. Rev. Richard S. Emrich, bishop of Michigan's Protestant Episcopal Diocese, who paid the first salaries partly out of his own pocket.

Scott Paradise, an Episcopalian, joined the staff in 1957, fresh from three years' experience in England's Sheffield Industrial Mission. Robert C. Batchelder, a United Church of Christ minister, joined in 1960 to develop publications and augment fieldwork. He edits a quarterly newsletter, *Life and Work*, which

goes to 4,500 former group members and other friends of the mission. He also edits "occasional papers" on aspects of Christian faith and industrial activity.

One of his biggest jobs now is producing curriculum materials for use in fieldwork. He and other staff members developed a study guide to Harvey Cox's provocative book, *The Secular City*, especially for use in church groups. The staff also prepares occasional papers on knotty issues of urban and industrial life, such as automation and unemployment.

Jim Campbell and Jess Christman are Presbyterian ministers who had been associated with an industrial project of the Detroit Presbytery



M. D. Bullard, Jr., market analyst:

"The staff has helped us to relate the church significantly with the work world."

in the working-class neighborhood of Ecorse, a down-river suburb. When the Presbyterians decided to join forces with the DIM program, they became DIM staffers.

Newest member of the staff is the Rev. Philip H. Doster, a Methodist. He chose the ministry because, as he says, "It seemed to me that the church was the main instrument concerned with people, expressing both compassion and justice." Since then, he has had a passion for relating the church significantly to the real, everyday problems of ordinary people. His first experience in industrial mission also was in the Ecorse project.

Support From Churches

Two thirds of the mission's financial support comes from church sources, the rest from friends and small foundations. Presbyterians and Episcopalians provide the largest share from denominational sources. The United Church of Christ contributes to a lesser extent. And the staff is hopeful about prospects for broader Methodist support.

At its 1965 session, Methodism's Detroit Annual Conference authorized a study of the DIM to determine advisability of giving financial assistance.

"We are already on record," says executive director James Bristah of the conference Board of Christian Social Concerns, "as favoring the important work of this specialized mission to industry, and we are exploring ways to participate as an official sponsor."

From its beginning, the mission has been exploratory and experimental. Some of its enterprises have developed accidentally. Overnight retreats, for example, began as a way of explaining the mission's goals to a mixed group representing both labor and management. As it turned out, the two found themselves learning about each other. Now the DIM regularly sponsors overnight meetings of this kind to help them communicate.

In some early groups, staff members played the role of ignorant clergymen, there only to listen to voices from the real world, where men work, so they could report back to the church. Maybe this was because they tried to avoid giving any pat answers to industrial man's problems.

But this led to difficulties, since conversation has to move both ways to be genuine. Staffers now realize that they must have something definite to contribute to a group.

Changing Expectations

In the mission's early days, staff members hoped each conversation group would continue indefinitely. They were disappointed when one faded out after a couple of years, and other participants were unwilling to enter into long-term commitments. Now the staff works to build long-term relationships with par-



Most Mondays find DIM clergy staffers huddled for Bible study and conference. They are (from left) Jesse E. Christman, Robert C. Batchelder, Director Hugh C. White, Jr., Philip H. Doster, and James M. Campbell.

ticular companies or labor unions, and, within them, to lead short-term groups, involving many individuals, as opportunities arise.

In all its activities, the DIM seeks not to preach any particular point of view but to foster better communication and deeper levels of understanding among all groups in industry. As one staffer put it in his column in the *Michigan AFL-CIO News*:

"We're interested in the amount of democracy in a plant because we believe that the more people you have participating responsibly in decisions that affect their work, the better the chance for mutual dignity and respect. My job is to help set up opportunities for men to say what they think about the human and ethical issues in this place, and to say it to each other."

DIM staff members are careful, however, not to claim too much. They will tell you, for example, that they have helped individuals think through their job-related ethical and human problems. That they have improved communication. That a good many people have consciously put their religion into practice on the job for the first time. That they have led some people to talk about life's real issues on a new basis. But some groups fizzle, and some individuals obviously are not reached even when they stay in a group.

The very nature of DIM's activity, of course, makes accurate meas-

urement of success impossible. To help appraise their first 10 years and set next goals, the staff has engaged the Center for the Scientific Study of Religion at the University of Chicago to make a three-year research study of the mission's contribution to industry, to labor, and the church. It began last summer with the staff detailing basic assumptions, goals, methods, and problems. These will be tested in the study.

"We are clear on our short-term goals," says Director White, "but not at all clear on long-range ones. We hope the study will help us at this point."

Sharing With Other Missions

As the first industrial mission of its kind in the United States, the DIM has been a model for similar ones now established in other cities. One is in nearby Flint. Last summer Scott Paradise left the Detroit staff to begin a new mission in Boston. Other types are operating in Chicago and Cicero, Illinois; in Cincinnati, Ohio; in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and in Richmond, Indiana (with Yokefellow connections). By 1970, Hugh White expects there will be 15 or 20 missions in the United States. Not all will take the same form, he believes, but all will have similar goals.

Important visitors from industrial missions in Europe, India, and Japan have come to see the work of the DIM. Horst Symanowski

came last summer from Mainz-Kastel in Germany, where he founded the Gossner-Haus in 1949 to work with factory people and train theological students for industrial ministry. Another prominent visitor was Anglican Bishop E. R. Wickham, who started the Sheffield mission back in 1944 when he was appointed as missionary to the heavy-steel industry.

An association of U.S. industrial missions was formed just last year to share data on methods and resource materials. A comparable international association also is contemplated. To aid embryo missions in other places, the Detroit staff has projected a two-year intern program to train workers.

A Long Look Ahead

Asked where the DIM stands now as it rounds out its first 10 years, Hugh White says, "We're not sure, but we think this means we are still alive."

He is hopeful about the future. "Now society seems to be coming out of its profound confusion," he says. "We have just been through a period when all the certainties of the past have been shaken. The meanings we tried to construct around death, illness, and other tragedies were riddled with doubt. People have had the ground on which they stood cut out from under them."

But now, White believes, "We are entering a new stage, with renewed hope about the possibilities of life. We seem to be at the point of a great new breakthrough in human history, offering hope in the 'given-up' areas of life and society."

He thinks the church has a profound place in all this.

"The hope of the Gospel now is being confronted with action in society," he declares. "The church sees more clearly its mission in and through its laity. We believe the Detroit Industrial Mission has been a demonstration that the ministry of the laity can happen at the local level."

"In the past, the church has been slow to risk new effort as part of its responsibility. We think we have helped show at least one way to penetrate the city of today and tomorrow." □

*Uprooted many times, a depressed mother watching her
young son finally sees the meaning for her in the faith that*

Corn Can Grow Anywhere

By MYRTLE S. NORD

FOR THE 27th time in the 9 years that Dave and I had been married, I was bewildered, sad, and a little bit frightened. We were moving again.

There would be another house, another school for Paul, another church. I was weary, dead weary. Even though it was May, I felt no flush of spring. I had no eager anticipation for Dave's advancement, the new people, the exciting future.

Melancholy and resentment welled in me while I waited for Dave to change the flat tire en route to our new town. What difference, I thought, that my husband had a good job? We would never have roots! We were nomads nobody cared about.

Paul's voice interrupted my thought. "Can I really take it along, Dad?" he screeched excitedly.

"Sure. That shoot of corn is a volunteer," Dave said. "It came up from a little lost seed that dropped along the road."

"Mom!" Paul appealed bubblingly. "I need a can."

There was no can in the car. I tried to simmer down. Paul needed this. He himself was but a little lost seed. Wearily, I searched until I found a paper cup. Ecstatically, Paul dug up the plant with a tire tool.

When we pulled back onto the highway, the tiny green corn plant was a bright spot in the car. The sun on its leaves was like a ray of hope. But I was sure the plant would wither and die.

"How big will it get?" Paul asked, excitedly.

"Taller than you," Dave told him.

"When you transplant it, its leaves will reach toward the sky and its roots will go deep into the earth."

Paul's eyes widened. "But I didn't get all the roots. Some of them broke off."

"It's all right, Son," Dave reassured. "With the right kind of attention, corn can grow anywhere."

I groaned inside. What a lot of malarky! A plant cannot grow without roots; neither can people.

When we arrived at the new place, Paul raced into the backyard and planted his drooping stalk of corn, then flooded it with water. Each day he brooded over his struggling plant, and soon it perked up.

Meanwhile, I had arranged to enter him in school and, mechanically, set about straightening up and arranging the house. It was not home—no place had ever been really home.

Mrs. Hansen, next door, invited me to coffee, and I went reluctantly. Would I care to join the Newcomers Club? The League? Go bowling? I shook my head. Why get involved? We would be moving again before long, I knew.

Paul and Dave, in contrast, had "settled in." Dave's job offered a new challenge and Paul had his corn.

Two weeks later the telephone men came to set a new pole. Where? On the very spot where Paul's corn had been planted. Patiently, Paul moved the struggling plant. I watched as he dug with a kitchen spoon. I shook my head sadly, but said nothing. He was cutting the roots much too close. I was sure it would die.

With the frail stalk replanted, he again drenched it with water. But this time it seemed to collapse right before his eyes, and his face filled with doubt. Even though I knew it would die, I tried to soothe him: "We'll get some more corn, Paul."

"It'll be okay," he answered. "Daddy said corn can grow anywhere."

I swallowed hard. I could not let him know that I, too, felt like the green shoot of corn, withering from having been transplanted too many times. I, like the corn, had no roots.

But Paul did not give up. He shaded the plant from the sun. He watered it again and again. Using his allowance, he fed it plant vitamins and squatted beside it for hours on end, willing it to live. Then, one morning, its leaves had opened. The little top shoot was firm and green.

As I looked at it in wonder, I remembered the roots that had been left in the ground along the roadside, and those that had been left where the telephone pole now stood.

I thought of the people I had known in many parts of the country. They are still my friends, I realized.

I remembered, too, the churches I had attended as we had moved about. Each brought a warmth to my heart. The houses, the neighborhoods, the towns we had lived in—I had left some of my roots in each.

No longer was I sad. I raced into the house to call Mrs. Hansen, Dave's words ringing in my ears: "With the right kind of attention, corn can grow anywhere." □



He had flown over the area—but converts are not won from the sky. Along Mindanao's steaming jungle trails, long days of danger and hardship awaited the missionary and his companions.

The Hike to the Sea

By CURRAN L. SPOTTSWOOD
'Flying Parson of the Philippines'

BY 5 A.M. WE were squeezed into the Jeep and on our way—my wife, Mariam, and the Rev. Camilo Toledo, who would bring the Jeep back; and our sons, Philip and Paul, who would make the hike with me.

Twelve hours, many bumps, and three coats of dust later, we arrived at Bual, a tiny village at the foot of a giant mountain range in southwestern Cotabato, Philippines. We had to cross this range in order to reach the largest unmapped, virtually unexplored area of Mindanao.

Philip and Paul crawled out of the Jeep when we stopped beside the small bamboo house of one of

our church members. The boys spied a pump well, surrounded by several children waiting to fill their kerosene cans with water, and walked over to wash off the caked dust from the trip. But when a large crowd quickly grew to stare with interest at these fair-skinned Americans, they lost their nerve and ended up by merely washing their faces and hands.

The head of the house invited us into his simple hut and offered us a meal of mudfish, sweet-potato leaves, and rice. It was the best he had, and we appreciated it very much. We were touched by the genuine affection the family felt



for us and their obvious joy over our coming to their barrio.

Rollled up that night in our blankets on the split-bamboo floor, uncomfortable at first, we slept soundly. At dawn, when the household began to stir, we quickly packed for the hike, eating rice and small dried fish as we waited for our guide. A member of the church and barrio captain, Juan Rosete, had volunteered his services. However, he arrived with three of his *compadres*—and now our party would number seven, instead of the expected four.

I had flown over the route twice in our Methodist plane and knew the sea was about 50 miles distant by air, probably 75 or 80 miles by trail. The valley is known as Allah Valley—"Valley of God"—to the Muslims who named it. From the plane, I noticed two small villages situated on the near side of a steep incline separating the valley from the rest of the province.

We had walked about five miles when a logging truck offered us a lift as far as the logging camp. Beyond, we began to climb a steep ridge. At a spring, we stopped to eat rice and dried fish again.

Then, though it began to rain, we pressed on, not wanting to sleep in the jungle overnight. We reached the village of Masayog around 5:30 p.m.; but we did not know anybody there, and Juan insisted that we go on to a group of Muslim houses where he knew the *dato* (chief).

With tired feet and empty stomachs, we wobbled on. "*Bassit pay*" (Just a little more), our leader assured us, and on we plodded, up and down hills, through streams—one after another—always straining our necks to see the little village. It was now dusk, and then dark. Flashlights did not help much, as we slipped and slid on the rain-slickened trail.

Two pieces of bamboo formed a bridge stretched precariously over a rocky gulf, and we eased ourselves across, inch by inch, quivering and trembling as our muddy feet slithered uncertainly. I was sure we were lost in the dark jungle, and several times I yelled: "Juan, where are you? I'm about dead. How much farther is it?" All

I ever got was, "Oh, it's very near."

When we reached the Muslim houses, the people brought out some benches for us. We flopped. A child offered me a piece of cold boiled sweet potato, and it tasted like ice cream. After changing our wet clothes, we talked through an interpreter to the Moro *dato*. Then we ate our boiled rice and fish before a curious audience, perhaps 30 or 40 onlookers who had never seen American boys.

I had just dozed off that night when I was brought bolt upright by what sounded like a war party of wild Indians. The noise turned out to be a final round of prayers being said—or shouted—in a nearby mosque. I drifted back to dreamland—but at 5 a.m. most of the people were back in their mosque, saying their first prayers of the day, bowing toward Mecca until their foreheads touched the floor.

This is a community faith, affecting everything the people do: the way they dress (colorful head scarves for the men, the long flowing *malongs* for the women); the way they work (team effort under the direction of the *dato*); their habits (no alcoholic beverages and no gambling); the way they write, talk, sing, and dance.

These people are Filipino by birth and geography, but they are a people apart, determined to remain so. If a Muslim becomes a Christian, he may be instantly killed. If he becomes a Christian and moves away, he is considered by the rest of his family as one who is dead.

MONDAY was the longest, wettest, worst day of our eight-day sojourn. We had chosen the "dry season," but it rained on us most of the time. Hundred-foot trees arched over the jungle, so that the sun never filtered through. Beneath, a thick underbrush was wet, tangled, and sharp. The ground was a morass, the trail ankle-deep in mud, slippery and hard to follow.

Hill climbing was a hair-raising experience. (Place one foot carefully, grasp a root, hold on, pull yourself cautiously up. As the first foot slides backwards, quickly grasp at anything, dig the other foot in,

pressing harder on the 45-degree slope.) Grabbing for a straw, I'd take hold of a rotten bamboo shaft on the edge of the path, fall flat on my face, the 30-pound backpack pushing my nose into the mud. Or I would fall sideways and roll down on the hillside—or slam into a thorn tree that could leave a dozen one-inch thorns in the shoulder. Each time I rose from the ground with the mud caked deeper, the hole in my pants ripped wider.

Once I fell heavily in a stand of cut bamboo stakes. A sharp point lanced through my pants into the muscle of my right leg. Fortunately, the wound bled so profusely that I did not worry about tetanus germs being closed up inside.

My shoe was filling with blood, but I still could walk. It was useless to stop to bandage the leg in the pouring rain, for we had to cross streams every 30 minutes or so. The gash continued to bleed as we hiked on, reaching a deserted house about 5 p.m. There I cleaned the wound as best I could, scraping off the mud with my pocketknife, dousing it with iodine and putting on a bandage.

Dusk found us in a clearing where 20 or 30 men were milling around, talking, and cooking rice over campfires. We cooked our own rice and dried fish there. Philip, Paul and I exchanged glances, thinking, "What, again?" and wishing for something more appetizing. Then I remembered that rice and dried fish were the combat rations of Japanese soldiers in World War II, and is the standard diet of communist guerrilla forces in Southeast Asia today. Surely we soldiers of Jesus Christ could undergo the same privations!

After lunch on the third day, we arrived at Kulaman, a plateau village of about 60 houses. Here we stayed with one of the village leaders whose wife cooked us some cabbage and rice. It was heavenly—our first fresh vegetables in four days. We spent the afternoon fixing up our cuts and bruises, and resting. The jungle, the rain, the slipping and falling on the hazardous trail, the lack of sleep—all were beginning to tell on us.

Stopping at another home the next day, we interrupted a Chris-

tian prayer meeting. I was asked to give a short message at this house. The owner told me that no doctor, dentist, or nurse had ever been to that barrio in the 10 years of its existence. Yet more than 2,000 people lived within a 15-mile radius!

I asked our host if he would build an airstrip, so we could fly in our Methodist medical and dental clinic. He enthusiastically agreed, and we picked a possible site. I promised to air drop some shovels and rakes, and he promised to get men to do the work. We left his place with thankful hearts. The airstrip could be used as a gateway to bring healing and the good news of God's redeeming love to this great, isolated valley.

My leg was worse, but we hoped to reach the sea by nightfall. However, our guide stopped us early the next afternoon at an altitude of 5,000 feet, near the fork of a river. He would not budge from this campsite, so we ate an early supper and went to bed after building a lean-to of leaves and bark. It was raining again.

Early the next morning, we were on the trail again, having left Paul and one of the guides behind to cook the rice and catch up later. It was slow, painful going, especially for me. My leg was badly swollen, and I had wrenched a knee in one of my falls. Even though it was agony, I managed to climb the last mountain between us and the sea. Then one of the guides found a *carabao* (water buffalo) for me to ride for about an hour.

I saw many settlers from other regions of the Philippines, and was

able to observe many of the mountain people. The men wore heavy shorts and short shirts; the women, skirts and sometimes (but not always) flowing blouses; the children, nothing. The men and women wore earrings and shaved their eyebrows to a pencil-thin line.

While we rested at a little abacastripping shed, Philip and one guide hurried ahead to the sea, to make sure we did not miss the motor launch that would take us back to Cotabato.

Even though the trail was still very muddy, these two vigorous young men were able to reach the coast in less than two hours. They came out at a little town of Kidyan.

It was here, while drinking coffee and waiting for us to catch up, that Philip had a glimpse of what life on the frontier is like, even today. He heard the story of Fred Case, a young American who came to this community to live. He was very popular with the people of the community, but was killed in an altercation with a Muslim chief.

Mrs. Case, obviously reminded of her own fine son as she talked with Philip, invited him to her house for coffee and cake. There, too, we were able to change our clothes and clean up a bit.

With arrival of the 50-foot launch, we had reason to hope that our trials were over. But we were in for a rude awakening. The craft tossed like a toy at the edge of a typhoon. Everybody became seasick, and we spent a long, long night before docking at Cotabato City at 4:30 a.m.

We bade farewell to our stalwart

companions of the long trail. What a strong soldier of Jesus Christ was Juan Rosete! Tall, gaunt, barefoot Juan (he walked barefoot to save his shoes), for all his Lincoln-esque homeliness, was a compelling person of great faith.

Juan felt very seriously that a layman must witness to his faith. He had given a week of his time from his own farm to come with us.

Day after day, Juan talked with our intelligent Bagobo guide, and prayed with him as they hiked along the trail. His witness for Christ, the contagion of his radiant faith, led our guide to join us in our faith. Later, he donated five acres of land for a church and school in his village!

Philip, Paul, and I caught the 5 a.m. bus for Kidapawan, and soon we were home. Never had home looked so good. Never was food so delicious. Never beds so soft! I had taken the hardest hike of my life. We had risked life and limb in some of the wildest country I have ever seen. We had been among people who still use bows and arrows and find life cheap.

Why had we made this trip?

Well, this large area of the Philippines is still blank on the map—yet there are people living there, children of God for whom we must show the love of Christ.

We wanted to know:

Where are the new settlements springing up in this area? How many people live there? What tribes and language groups are represented? What economic activity is going on? What church, if any, is ministering to the tribespeople, to the new settlers?

Most important, the church must constantly claim new territory for Christ. Each of us as members of His church must help push back the curtains of darkness, whether in the cement jungles of America or the tropical jungles of Asia.

Our hike was like one tiny finger pushing back some of the darkness in southern Cotabato. We went because Jesus said, "Go . . . make disciples." □

While resting beside an unnamed stream, the weary hikers lunch on rice and dried fish.



*In isolated jungle areas,
people carve out rude landing
strips for this "angel of mercy."*

*C. L. Spottswood, missionary-
pilot, stands at right.*



Methodism's Flying Missionary:

Sometimes Down, Never Out!

PLANE LOST IN JUNGLE MISSIONARY BELIEVED CAPTURED BY HUKS REV. C. L. SPOTTSWOOD FEARED KILLED IN CRASH

Headlines like these have marked the career of Methodism's famed flying missionary since he went to the Philippines in 1946 as an instructor to reopen Manila's Union Theological Seminary. The stories tell of deeds of mercy and daring; of crashes in jungles and rivers; of blind landings in roadways and tiny clearings; of being lost over sea and lofty mountains; of hardship and injury in uncharted wastelands.

But the indomitable, Alabama-born Spottswood always returns, somehow, to the Methodist Rural Center at Kidapawan, near Cotabato, in Western Mindanao. There he directs a staff of volunteer American and Filipino workers looking after the medical, agricultural, educational, and religious needs of a long-neglected people.

In 1953, Mr. Spottswood was asked by Bishop José L. Valencia to leave Luzon for Mindanao, the "Mecca of Muhammadanism," second largest of the Philippine Islands, also called the "promised land." The man chosen by the bishop was well equipped for the job.

Back at Mississippi State, where

he played baseball and tennis and was a good amateur boxer, "Spotty" won a scholarship to Yale Divinity School. To earn the necessities of life, he fought professionally (his first fight netted him \$7). He won many fights but lost the 13th, and vowed to quit the ring if he won his 14th. He did—in two rounds.

Behind Yale's ivy-covered walls, the young divinity student failed to find his calling. What, he asked himself time and again, did Christ want him to do?

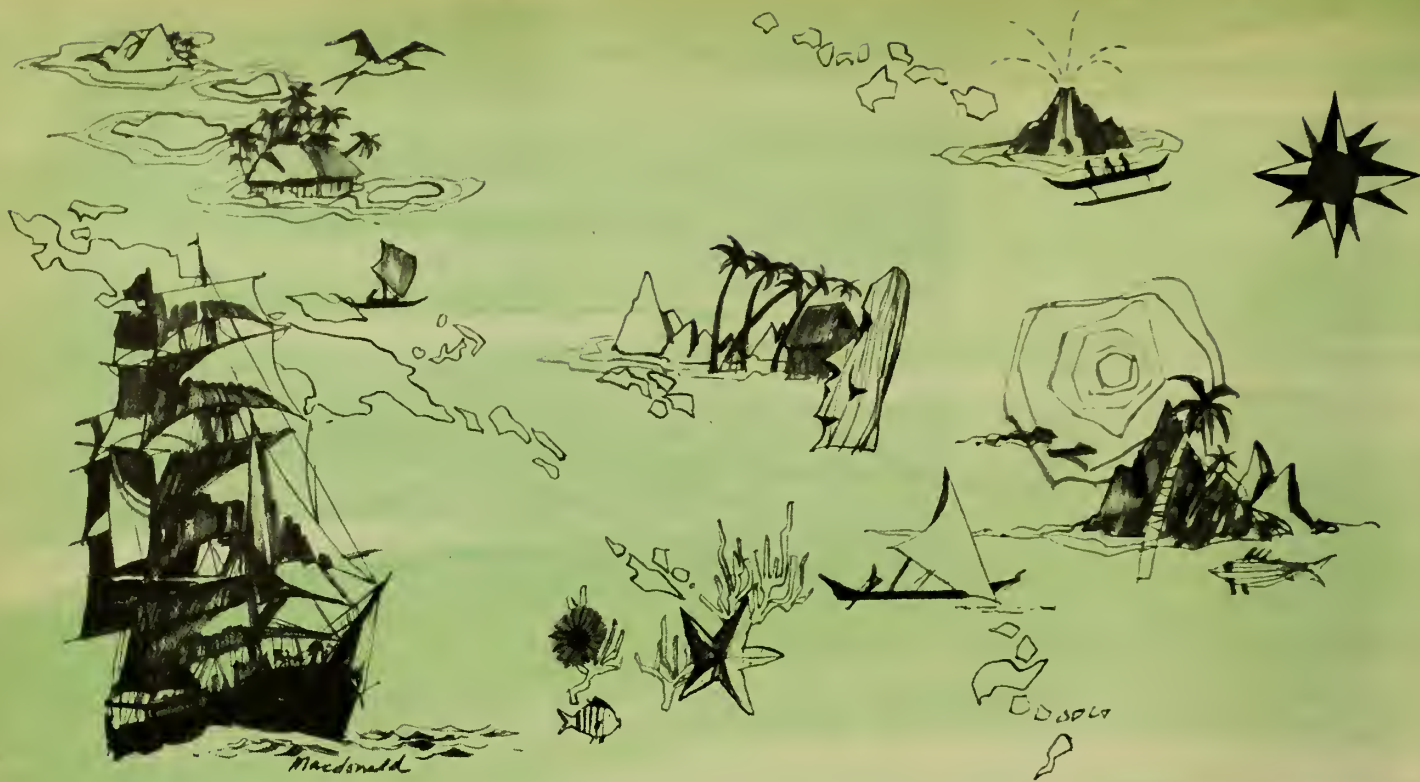
He went first to live in the slums of New Haven, rooming with the impoverished family of an alcoholic. Then for months he posed as a skid-row bum, seeking handouts, learning what it is to be cold, hungry, and ill-clad, only to be brushed aside by men more fortunate than himself. Later, he served churches in New Mexico and Florida.

For nearly 20 years in the Philippines, "Spotty" has flown mercy flights into isolated, sometimes unexplored regions. He has seen disease and famine cured or relieved by the doctors, nurses, vitamin pills, powdered milk, and medicines he has airlifted during more than 1000 hours of flying time. He has walked alone—"very scared"—in headhunter country; he has made his way by Jeep, logging truck, boat, and many times afoot, as well as by plane.

At the Methodist Rural Center near Cotabato, agricultural institutes attract hundreds. Thousands have viewed health films on sanitation and infant care. With his devoted wife, Mariam, he has held clinics, taught people to grow vegetables and healthy animals.

And all the while, he has preached the redeeming power of Christ; he has organized churches in areas where few Westerners have ever set foot. Mariam joined him in the late 1940s after traveling with three babies across the United States by train, then booking third-class passage in the steaming hold of an old troop ship for a month-long voyage to the Philippines. Now the mother of five husky sons, she also attended Yale Divinity School after graduating from Florida State College.

Many true-adventure stories like the one on these pages are told in Spottswood's own book, *Beyond Cotabato* (Revell, \$3.50). But while *The Hike to the Sea* is his latest, it surely will not be his last. For it is his purpose, he says, to go where few if any missionaries have gone before, to find and help those who cannot help themselves, "to learn what kind of faith they have, if any; to see what churches are at work, if any; and to open up a new area of Christian work for the mighty Savior in that place." This is his witness. —H. B. TEETER



Oceania:

Paradise With Problems

By J. HARRY HAINES

Director, Advance Department, Methodist Board of Missions

SCATTERED LIKE emerald dust over 7,000 miles of ocean between the Americas and Asia, the South Pacific islands call up pictures of blue lagoons in latitudes of perpetual summer, where coconut palms rustle in the trade winds, and coral atolls are ringed with white sand. In popular imagination, the islanders are a beautiful and muscular race of lotus-eaters who know neither hunger nor tension as they sway to the music of stringed instruments and feast on succulent roasted pig and baked breadfruit.

Tonga, Tahiti, Samoa, Fiji, the Solomons—all are island names well-known in fable and song. Others—Leefou, Tokelau, Tuamotu, and Palau—mean little or nothing to the average person. Yet hundreds of such exotically named bits of land dot the Pacific between Hawaii to the north and New Zealand to the south. This vast territory, mostly water, is referred to by the geographers as Oceania, and on its islands live some 4 million people, about half of them in New Guinea.

There is—or once was—basis in fact for part of

Oceania's reputation as a paradise on earth. Herman Melville, author of *Moby Dick*, jumped ship in the Marquesas Islands in the early 1840s. He found a "secluded abode of happiness" where all "was mirth, fun, and high good humor. Blue devils, hypochondria, and doleful dumps went and hid themselves among the nooks and crannies of the rocks."

Melville was lucky. Had he landed on Fiji or New Guinea, he probably would have been eaten by cannibals. That has changed, as has much else throughout the Pacific. But not all the changes have been for the good.

Western civilization first showed itself to the islanders

This scene in New Caledonia typifies changes which have engulfed the Pacific islands, sweeping their people into the 20th century. These men work in a French-owned nickel plant beneath the fuming stacks.





These Pacific islanders in ceremonial garb retain vestiges of pagan religion predating arrival of the first missionaries.

in the mid-18th century. English seamen and navigators were followed by the French and the Germans. Much later, American whalers from New England arrived to discover island after island. In 1789, the *Bounty's* mutineers cast William Bligh and 18 of his men adrift in a 23-foot open boat, but the indomitable crew safely sailed 3,600 miles across the open Pacific.

Brutality by whaling crews and traders, coupled with white man's diseases of measles, scarlet fever, and pneumonia, almost wiped out the population of many an island. The New Hebrides, it is estimated, had

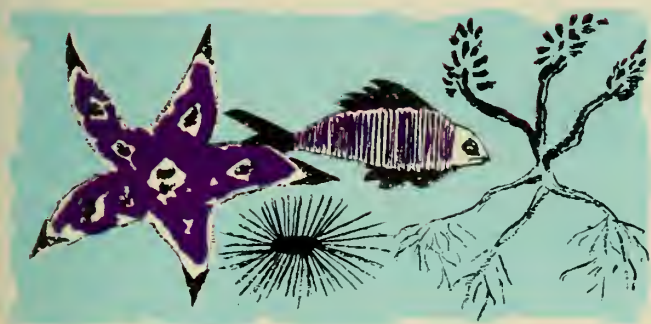
nearly a million people a century ago. Within 50 years only 25,000 were left. On nearby New Caledonia, a great part of the death toll is said to have been taken by alcohol.

The coming of white men, according to a Rockefeller Foundation report, resulted in destruction of a people whose way of life, although far from idyllic, had been untouched by outsiders.

Missionaries were not far behind the whalers and traders. The first arrived in Tahiti in 1797. The London Missionary Society, pioneer of the South Pacific, gath-



Not a cemetery, but a Cargo Cult worship center in the New Hebrides. Members think the crosses around the effigy of a mythical leader will guide the planes that soon will land with all the gadgets and luxuries enjoyed by most white men. The scene around a Fiji Methodist church (below) is duplicated many times as Christians all over the world gather in fellowship.



ered entire communities into the church within a generation. Wesleyan Methodists from England were soon joined by missionaries from Australia and New Zealand. During one resurgence of savagery on Fiji in 1867, islanders killed and ate the Rev. Thomas Baker, a Methodist missionary. But since 1894, there have been no further outbreaks of barbarism. Ordinarily, island cannibals ate one another. On one small island off Fiji, it is said, more than 200 human victims were served up at one banquet. But the Fijians are largely Methodist today!

Since 1888, American-related Methodism has been at work in the Hawaiian Islands far to the north. But 51 years earlier, a group of U.S. Congregational missionaries sailed for the South Seas. They were told to "aim at nothing short of covering these islands with fruitful fields, pleasant dwellings, schools and churches, raising up the whole people to an elevated state of Christian civilization."

Today there are few unevangelized people left in the Pacific, except some in the remote interior of New Guinea (where Stone-Age people still live) and perhaps a few thousand in the Solomons and New Hebrides.

The winds of change that blow across the Pacific have brought a certain bewilderment to the islanders who realize that their isolation shrinks daily as jet air-

craft crisscross the skies above the great ocean where only trading schooners and canoes once made their lonely journeys.

New and urgent problems arise from exaggerated tourist publicity, which keeps alive the picture of Polynesians spending their days in exotic singing and dancing, or romping in foam-crested surf. In Tahiti last year, tourists outnumbered the local population. But the booming tourist trade has brought a false type of prosperity benefitting only a few. The Western Samoan government even has set up procedures to discourage such large incursions of visitors. As the prime minister said:

"We have seen what has happened to the Hawaiian people, and we are not going to let it happen here."

While little remains of the pagan past in island territories where entire populations claim church affiliation, the overall picture is one of nominal Christianity. "The main impact of the Gospel has been the change of customs," wrote Dr. Hans Reudi Weber of the World Council of Churches. These, however, are the "Christian customs" of the 1850s.

"We have taken dancing from the people and have done little to replace it," one missionary wrote. "We have clothed religion in black and somber garments... (and) suppressed the instincts to express their feelings dramatically as being evil..." Throughout Oceania,



A transpacific airliner on the wall of a Tahitian church school serves as a constant reminder that young islanders must prepare themselves for a new way of life. Languishing amid natural abundance (above) no longer is enough.



Fishing, pearl-shell diving, and extensive interisland travel remain very much a part of life in Oceania. Long before Europeans arrived, this young man's ancestors may have reached his island home in an outriggered canoe like the one he is paddling.



A Swiss mission campaign—"Bread for Our Neighbor"—raised funds for this new dormitory at a New Caledonia school. Many of these students came from the far-distant islands.





Flying missionary pastors and medical teams usually find friendly and helpful hands where landing strips are available.



concern for revitalization of the church is growing.

Wherever civilization has brought industry, urban problems have followed. In Fiji, Tahiti, New Guinea, New Caledonia, and the New Hebrides, the church wrestles with a situation all too common in other once-primitive areas. Attracted by the hope of high-paying jobs, thousands of people are leaving isolated villages for towns. Many are young people bewildered by urban life. Everywhere in the Pacific the old restraints—family ties, the authority of the village chief or pastor—have been severed. New standards of value must be found.

Ecumenical assistance is being sought by the Church of Tahiti and New Caledonia to establish community centers that will provide a variety of counseling services to young people seeking to adjust to urban life.

While U.S. Methodism in the past has left mission work in Oceania to its Australian and New Zealand cousins, indications are that our church's Board of Missions soon will join in an ecumenical program designed to aid Oceania. Meanwhile, at least two other American sects—Mormons and Jehovah's Witnesses—are making inroads.

Inspired by regional ecumenical developments in the

The white man's magic, typified by this portable tape recorder, has led some frustrated islanders to try building radios and planes out of tin cans, string, and wire.

*Mission hospital:
On New Hebrides, a
doctor examines a child.
In the patient's kitchen,
food for the sick often
is prepared by members
of their own families.*



*Many Polynesians are
the graceful, charming,
and happy people of
story and song. This
young student is typical
of many who are learning
a new way of life.*



*Outdoor meeting in
New Caledonia: When
there is a Christian worship
service, the people turn
out in large numbers.*



formation of the East Asia Christian Conference and the All-Africa Church Conference, the 1.5 million Pacific Island Protestants have taken steps to end their isolation. American Methodism's Board of Missions is looking favorably on strengthening Methodist ties in Oceania, and this comes on the heels of requests from several Pacific churches for our help in accelerating their leadership-training efforts.

This year, the first assembly of the Pacific Conference of Churches will meet in Leefou to elect a permanent secretariat. One of the first actions will be to confirm the decision to open a theological college serving all South Pacific churches. The new school will be on the campus of the University of the South Pacific, scheduled to open in September, 1966, at Suva, Fiji.

True, this is only a beginning. But it is an indication that, after 170 years of missions in the Pacific, Christian churches are determined to work more closely together to help islanders meet the challenges and changes being thrust upon them. Certainly there could be no more beautiful setting for this flowering of ecumenical cooperation than the enchanted isles of the South Seas. □

Since time began—in the Tropics and the Arctic—women of many races have found similar ways to care for small children while freeing hands for other tasks.



At sunset or moonrise, waving palms are silhouetted against the blue Pacific, and Oceania's problems momentarily fade.





LOST:

Somewhere Between California and **Georgia, AN ACCENT**

By JANE LEE ANDERSEN

I HAVE lost an accent somewhere and I want it back. I need it. The way I am now, I feel like a dog without a collar, a pariah, a non-entity.

Ever since I arrived from Australia 14 years ago, I've been trying on accents the way a woman with a quad-A foot tries on shoes. None of them fits me comfortably, and during the process I've lost my own.

I see now it is a sordid tale of compromise on my part.

The average American is interested in foreigners—and abysmally ignorant of any country outside the

United States. Henry the Navigator, without even a good map, had a clearer picture of the world.

I keep peering into my 12-year-old son's social-studies book in disbelief, wondering who is responsible for this lamentable state of affairs. The information all seems to be there: principal cities, products, exports, maps, and attractive illustrations. In fact, so interesting are today's geography books that I cannot help wondering why they do not compete more successfully with TV and Little League.

Whatever the reason, they do not;

nor does it seem things were any better in the dark ages before such distractions came along.

"My son just loves Australia," one woman told me recently. "He is stationed in Vienna."

Not long ago a YWCA secretary asked me to give a talk to a teen group about Manila since, after all, that was so close to my part of the world. I told her that Manila was closer to Tokyo and Shanghai than to Melbourne. I talked about climates, governments, mean annual rainfall, the Mindanao Deep and MacArthur—to no avail. Clearly

she thought Melbourne was a suburb of Manila, and that I had spent my formative years running back and forth between!

An energetic PTA president once asked me to supervise preparation of the Guatemalan decor for a fund-raising supper because, she said ingratiatingly, that must be close to where I once lived. I talked eloquently about mileages, latitudes, and the Tropic of Capricorn but she seemed busy and rather incredulous, and I gave up. It was easier to adopt a little Latin verve and ransack the basement for gourds and coconut-frond hats than to explain that Melbourne is not slightly south of Guatemala City.

The president of a women's club once introduced me at a luncheon as "a native of New Guinea." There was a ripple of excitement: heads turned, chairs scraped, some even climbed on their benches to get a better look. I stood up, apologetically fraudulent and commonplace.

We laughed about the incident later, over dessert. "Why, I meant New Zealand, of course," she said. "I had New Zealand and New Guinea confused."

"Not New Zealand, Australia," I said automatically, a correction I must have made a hundred times. "It's the same thing," she said airily, ignoring the separate governments and 1,200 miles of Tasman Sea.

For a while I was in danger of having my head turned by the compliments I received on my quick grasp of the English language. At first, I explained patiently that English is the language I learned to lisp in childhood, that I grew up reading Chaucer, Milton, and Dylan Thomas. This grew somewhat monotonous, and after a while I gave up protesting that English is my mother tongue and took to digging my toe in the sand and blushing prettily. "I could tell you were not born here," someone said not long ago. "You have such a broken accent. Did you learn English at night school?"

Now, when people ask me what language I spoke before I came here, I look them right in the eye and say, "Australian." "My," comes the response, as though I had said Sanskrit or Swahili, "it must have been hard to learn English."

"It was," I assure them, "the first few years were murder." Judging by my own children's early struggles with the English language, they probably were.

Clearly my role, as I first saw it, was that of an ardent crusader spreading light amid the gloom. I kept a map hanging on the kitchen wall and developed the mannerisms of a platform lecturer as I explained that Australians are not perpetually engaged in hefting boomerangs and chasing kangaroos from their backyards. Melbourne and Sydney, I told my victims, are bigger cities than Baltimore or Detroit; and tennis, as a sport, is a poor third in popularity to cricket and football. The seasons, I took care to explain, are reversed, a fact incomprehensible to many.

"Well, Ah declare," said a Southern lady. "Y'all mean to tell me it's wintah theah when it's summah heah?"

After a few years I felt as bored with my lines as the star of a successful Broadway production after a run of a few years. After all, there were many more interesting things to talk about, like my son's kindergarten, the peccadilloes of the woman down the street, or a new recipe for upside-down cake.

I decided to assume the characteristics and accents of the region we happened to live in—in other words, to adopt protective coloration. This was, on the whole, unnecessary in the New York area, where the annual invasion of immigrants makes possession of an accent less remarkable than the lack of one.

It was when we moved to the Middle West that my real challenge came. I enjoyed the warm kindness

of Midwesterners and enthusiastically embraced the idiom, ironing out unruly inflections and making my voice flat, foursquare, and pragmatic. The letter *r*, hitherto missing from my vocabulary, I added so determinedly that friends looked startled, suspecting plagiarism.

An Australian relative called me long distance during my Middle West period and sobbed brokenly and expensively over the thousands of miles of cable. "I wouldn't know you by your voice," she wailed. "You have such an American accent." Midwesterners did not think so. People guessed at my origins from Winnipeg to Glasgow.

It probably was just as well that we were transferred south, and the opportunity to make a new start presented itself. I imagined myself enchanting a rapt circle of friends with a musical drawl redolent of moonlight and magnolias, as syrupy as candied yams. I practiced for hours to get the right nuances on "Ha yew?" "Ah'm fahn, jes' fahn. ha yew?" I began calling all womenfolk "Miz," regardless of age, weight, and marital status. When my youngest child asked me to count, I said "Whun, tew, three. fo', fave. . . ." My friends became "sugah" and "honeh," and I said, "Come back, heah?" when they departed.

It took me an age to complete the simplest sentence, so conscientiously did I drawl. In fact, friends and neighbors began to take on the haunted look of the wedding guest, shifting from one foot to another, finally making excuses about cakes in the oven and children coming home from school. In short, I became completely unintelligible to Southerners—again, a total failure. People guessed at my origins from as far away as Nyasaland and Kamchatka and even hinted darkly that I might be a Yankee.

In the fullness of time, I made the trip back to Melbourne and, prior to my departure, I began polishing up my down-under accents, crisply clipping off the ends of words, and refurbishing my speech with expressions like "bloke" and "ta-ta." I took to saying "righto," instead of "yay-ess," and "good on you," the Australian equivalent of "attaboy." My children were com-

WEB THAT DECEIVES

The housewife may be so alert,
So diligent detecting dirt,

You'd think she would have eyed it,
Yet, hanging from a shelf or sill,

A cobweb can't be seen until

A guest sits down beside it!

—Richard Armour

pletely confused by this *volte-face* and, refusing to believe that I was speaking plain English, found another excuse to sidestep my orders.

I arrived in Sydney with high hopes, stepped jauntily off the runway—into the path of an airlines bus. Automatically I had looked right, forgetting that Australians drive on the wrong side of the road. My first intimation that something might be amiss with my accent came from the taxi driver. “Easy does it, mitey,” he said. “You Yanks all do that.” To put me at my ease, he launched into a recital of relatives in Brooklyn and a war buddy in Texas whom he planned to visit someday.

It was the same everywhere. Pretty soon I dropped the Australian facade and became the Yankee tourist. That way, although I felt counterfeit, I seemed to be entitled to courtesies which the native does not ordinarily get. And after all, I consoled myself, this was Sydney. In Melbourne things would be different. My own would know me.

Well, my relatives and old friends were polite, I’ll say that. I found at once that they looked at me attentively while I spoke. The more I talked the more they hung on my words. I was elated to find that I held them spellbound. Drunk with power, I ventured my opinions on politics, segregation, Elvis Presley, cigarette-smoking, and cancer. It was obvious that they found my opinions weighty and well-founded. Like Mme. Pompadour, I held my salon.

It was during one of these gatherings of family and friends that disillusionment struck. While conducting a seminar in some field in which I am eminently qualified—I think perhaps it was nuclear fission—I became aware of unusual activity in one corner of the room. A young squirt, who obviously will go far, was hustling a slow-moving line of little boys through the room. Like tourists filing past to gaze at the crown jewels, they regarded me solemnly. Suddenly there was a small altercation as one of them refused to hustle, claiming that he had not had his money’s worth.

It seemed that, at thriftpence a head, they were being privileged to listen to my “American talk!” □



OUR WESTERN vacation was nearly over. The cross-continent jaunt to San Francisco had been thoroughly pleasant and now, reluctantly, we were headed home to Cape Cod.

It was Sunday, and as we passed the Denver city limits, my husband remarked, “If we are going to church this morning, we’d better start watching early. Churches are far apart on the plains.”

Shortly before eleven o’clock we spotted the little side-towered Evangelical United Brethren Church of Idalia, Colo. The door was open, and in front was a lone blue Volkswagen. Beyond the church was a one-story schoolhouse and across the street a filling station and cafe. These buildings and a handful of houses are the town—population 75.

We drove into the station, asked permission to park our car in a shady spot, then put on our hats and went across to the church. Church school—one class for children and one for adults—was just ending. As we made our way to a pew, the superintendent greeted us cheerfully and explained that the service might be a bit late. The minister, he said, had earlier services in two neighboring towns.

The room was plain, almost bare, but the windows were open, and quickly I went back in memory to churches of my childhood where, as here, the prelude to summertime worship was the singing of birds outside. My reverie was cut short when a hand touched my shoulder, and someone asked, “Do you play the piano?”

Years ago my mother insisted that I learn enough about music to play hymns and folk tunes, but I hesitated, wondering if forgetful fingers could still find right notes. “I play a few hymns,” I answered.

“Fine! Just pick the ones you know,” the ruddy-faced woman replied, smiling.

Thumbing a worn songbook on

the upright piano, I found three hymns in the keys of C and B flat in which I felt secure. The young minister, if surprised to find me there, gave evidence only of sincere welcome.

It was a simple service, though the well-delivered sermon belied the pastor’s youthful appearance. He seemed to speak as much from seasoned age as vigorous youth. The message was timeless, placeless, and Idalia, Colo., with its scattered farms and tiny village center became at one with all the world. The invocation of God’s presence, I felt, had borne fruit.

As I met my husband near the door after the benediction, he smilingly praised my slightly faulty efforts at the piano then announced beaming: “I have news. We’ve been invited to dinner.” It was the custom, we learned, for one family to invite everyone in church to have dinner at the cafe across the street. Not everyone stayed, but eight of us sat down at the table where a pencilled note read, “Reserved for the church folks.”

The food was in the best tradition of “home cooking.” But it wasn’t the food or even the good conversation which we will remember a year, ten years from now. It was the warm friendship of these fellow Christians who took us into their circle and into their hearts so readily.

St. Paul admonished the early followers of Jesus to “practice hospitality” (Romans 12:13). I think of those words when I recall our friends in Idalia. Their concern reached beyond the hours we were together. They even insisted that we drop a card when we reached home safely. We addressed it simply “The Church Folks’ Table, The Cafe, Idalia, Colo.,” although we knew their names.

And my gratitude reaches out, too, to my mother, now long since gone, for her insistence years ago that I learn “at least a few hymns.”

—LOIS GRANT PALCHES

UNUSUAL Methodists

AL MARTINEZ

Former 'Wetback' With a Mission

AL MARTINEZ was a 19-year-old Mexican "wetback" who couldn't speak English when a Methodist pastor, the Rev. W. J. Briggs, found him sleeping in an unheated house in Kokomo, Ind. Al had crossed the Rio Grande illegally, lured by hopes of a better future and the chance of making money as a migrant farm worker to help support his mother in Mexico.

When he became ill, Dr. and Mrs. Briggs, active in a ministry to migrants, took him into their home and nursed him back to health. Then, bothered by his illegal status, he returned to Mexico until he could get a permanent visa. Back in Indiana finally, he enrolled in a private high school, but after two years of battling the language barrier he sadly told Dr. Briggs: "Dad, I'm not getting it." So the Briggses arranged for him to attend the Lydia Patterson Institute in El Paso, Texas, which specializes in education for Spanish-speaking students.

After service in the U.S. Air Force, Al went first to a trade school and then to college. Now, married to the former Carol Haselton, a Methodist and a schoolteacher, he teaches Spanish and English. He has spent his "vacations" helping today's migrants.

Al, who has been an active Methodist since he first was cared for by Dr. and Mrs. Briggs, says: "I have dedicated my life to Christ, to help in His name any child, man, or woman who is groping to find God and meaning in life." □



CAPT. JOE H. ENGLE

Youngest Pilot of the X-15

CAPT. Joe H. Engle, the Air Force's youngest pilot of the famed X-15 research rocket plane, also is the nation's youngest astronaut. The 33-year-old from Chapman, Kans., qualified for the astronaut designation by piloting the X-15, world's fastest and highest-flying aircraft, to an altitude of 53½ miles. His top speed for the flight was 3,477 m.p.h.

He is the third Air Force X-15 pilot to attain the astronaut rating, which is awarded only to military pilots who fly 50 or more miles high.

Capt. Engle was chosen June 10, 1963, for the X-15 space-probing team, a joint venture of the Air Force, the Navy, and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. He earned a degree in aeronautical engineering and a Reserve Officers Training Corps commission at the University of Kansas, where he also met his wife, Mary. They and their two children now live in California, where Capt. Engle flies from Edwards Air Force Base. He still retains his membership at Chapman's First Methodist Church, whose pastor, the Rev. H. Gene Shoemaker, nominated him as an Unusual Methodist. □



ROBERT STAIGHT AND TROUPE

A Family Devoted to Laughter

DURING business hours he's Robert Staight, salesman, but above you see him as he likes to spend his leisure hours—as Bobby the Clown. It's a family enterprise that includes 13-year-old Kathy (right foreground), Mrs. Staight, and Dan, 11.

The act originated as entertainment for a family reunion about 10 years ago. Now the Staights travel from their home in Mansfield, Ohio, to appear at fairs, parties, and other events. "A small travel trailer

takes care of the dressing room and the 'motel' room," Mr. Staight explains.

Mrs. Staight made the entire wardrobe, and also serves as stage manager. Kathy and Dan alternate as the second clown in the act. The family has built all its equipment, which includes a small comedy car complete with fireworks and squirting water; a motorcycle, and a unicycle.

"While other activities nowadays seem to pull families apart," says Mr. Staight, "ours brings us closer together. Sharing the work and perspiration, along with the laughter, has helped to knit our family into a single, happy group."

Their favorite fringe benefit: watching the faces of those they entertain. □



DR. CARROLL H. LONG

Not Afraid to Speak Out

DR. CARROLL H. Long of Johnson City, Tenn., is described by an associate as "courageous enough to speak his mind fearlessly but cautious enough to document his statements with extreme care."

The gifted surgeon and uncompromising layman is credited, while chairman of the Board of Hospitals and Homes, with persuading Holston Conference to build a retirement home at Maryville and to run the government-built Oak Ridge hospital.

Much of his time has been devoted to race relations. After helping open many areas of Johnson City life to Negroes, Dr. Long ran for city commissioner, and some opponents tried to make political capital of his stand. He wound up as the top vote-getter. Now he is leading a campaign to raise \$500,000 for Morristown College, as it seeks to make the transition from a school for Negroes to a more inclusive institution. □

Conclusions drawn by Methodists speaking from the perspectives of four major areas outside the United States are essentially the same:

Racial bigotry has smudged our Christian message, hampered our missionaries, and led to distrust as well as charges of hypocrisy.

U.S. Race Relations... *As Seen From Overseas*



Eric A. Mitchell
Bombay, India



Prince A. Taylor, Jr.
Princeton, New Jersey



Poul Poulsen
Copenhagen, Denmark



Emilio Castro
Montevideo, Uruguay

The View From Asia

Christianity in Asia suffers setbacks because it is linked with United States race violence, says District Superintendent Eric A. Mitchell.

AN American, glancing at a Bombay morning newspaper or looking through some of the magazines sold on our streets, would be startled, perhaps horrified, to read headlines like these: "Negroes Attacked and Mauled by Fierce Police Dogs," "Blacks Prodded by Electric Cattle Whips," "Negro Church Bombed," "Federal Marshals Protect Negro Child in School," "Church Door Closed to Negroes," and "Jews Find No Welcome Here."

Yet events like these make news

in my country, for one hardly would expect them to happen in a "Christian" land. In a backward country, yes, but in the USA? Yet all these headlines are followed by stories with American datelines.

The first impact that U.S. race prejudice makes in Asia, especially in India, is to raise the specter of what we call communalism—social organization based on differences of race, religion, or culture. Many Asians fear that Americans are communally minded. This is a natural reaction since many of our

own problems, past and present, have grown out of the evils of communalism.

While traveling on a train, I was asked by a fellow traveler what book I was reading. I offered him my Bible, explaining that it is our Holy Scripture and that I am a Christian.

A look of incredulity spread over his face. "Excuse me, sir, I mean no personal insult to you, but I thought Christianity was a subversive way of life that makes for communalism."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"Well, look at the Americans. They are supposed to be Christians. Notice the way they treat people, there, because their skin is black. You are what you believe. I think it is because they are Christians that they treat them that way."

Sad to say, there are many persons in India who think this way.

Another impact overseas of race prejudice in the United States is the belief that democracy in America is a farce. Many Asians think that racial prejudice is a way of American life.

After I had returned from the United States in 1964, I was giving a talk about my exciting and wonderful trip in your country and about the gracious, kind, and hospitable Christian people I had met. During the question period someone asked, "Could you honestly and truthfully tell us that America is really a democratic country? Americans boast about their democracy, but they do not practice it. The oft repeated phrase 'the government of the people, by the people, for the people' is a platitude. The Negro, for example, is not a full citizen but a second-class citizen. And look at the Jews, how they are treated!"

I explained the situation as best I could, but newspaper pictures of race incidents had colored the young man's thinking. To him there was a denial of freedom in the American way of life. This unfortunate situation is made worse by flagrant disregard for organized law in some places and segregation supported by law in others.

There is growing distrust, resentment, and even hatred, in some places, against America. A young Indian who was discriminated against in the United States told me, "They talk of the evils of our caste system, but there is more poison in their race prejudice. Our caste was a vocational division, but theirs is an insidious philosophy of a master race."

As the Asian common man is struggling for self-respect, for human worth and dignity, and a sense of identity, racial incidents in America bring fear that the white man still desires to dominate and rule. "Better to die a free man than to be a slave," a young man said to me. "The day of servitude is over."

Americans rightly are concerned about the population explosion in Asia, but they seem blind to the freedom explosion there. The man on the bottom is coming up fast. He is determined to be free at any

cost and will strongly resent domination or discrimination. He remembers the whip, the indignation, the kicks and blows, the exploitation, the hurt to his spirit, the contempt of the white man. And he will stand it no more.

Race prejudice in the United States has hurt the witness of the Christian church in India. It often has embarrassed the missionary movement. Most Indians think of America as a Christian country. When they read of subtle cruelty to Jews and colored people, they wonder how Christians can do this.

I was chairing a meeting in India at the time of the Little Rock incidents when one person addressed

the speaker, who happened to be a missionary: "Your presence in Little Rock, sir, would be more helpful than here." Another said, "First teach your people to love each other and then come over and tell us about it. Practice what you preach." The missionary is often hard put to answer.

The world looks to America for social, political, economic, and religious justice. It looks to you for the lead, as the first nation of the world. It remembers the Pilgrim Fathers, Washington, Lincoln, and other freedom-loving men.

The world hopes you will rise to your best. If you do not, the privilege will pass to someone else. □

The View From Africa

Bishop Taylor, who has served in Liberia, asks what "liberty and justice for all" can mean to visitors who experience discrimination.

"I DON'T believe in the church anymore," said a young African who had just returned home from the United States. He had been a trustworthy student and once a promising Christian leader. He had a flair for agriculture and constantly expressed interest in studying it on the graduate level, in order to become a member of the missionary staff.

"The church can do a real job in agriculture," he often would say.

Because he was gifted, and the church at the time was not in position to sponsor him, his government gave him a scholarship to study in a Midwestern university. He made a brilliant record and returned with a master's degree.

But his sense of churchmanship had vanished in his unfortunate racial experiences. He explained:

"The first thing I did when I arrived, after having registered at the school, was to find a Methodist church. On the bulletin board were the words: 'A church for friendly people.' I could hardly wait until Sunday morning to go to church. When the minister extended the invitation to Christian discipleship, I went forward and joined. He appeared somewhat shocked to see me and seemed not to know what

to do, but he finally received me.

"The members were not friendly. They would never sit by me if other seats were available. And those who did seemed uncomfortable.

"I had been greatly impressed by missionaries' stories of the church they represented and by their own friendly manner. But I discovered that some of them act differently in the States than they do over here. My presence tended to embarrass them with their friends, although they tried to hide it. I feel deceived and betrayed, and I no longer trust the church."

Whatever one might think of the young man's judging the whole church on such limited experiences—some of which could have been misinterpreted—this is how attitudes and opinions are developed. Even if this case is extreme, it dramatizes the injuries that our racial predicament inflict upon us.

It is tragic that our national image and the effectiveness of many sincere and committed missionaries are reduced by a sickness which is prevalent among us. These attitudes are compounded by reports of atrocities in our nation.

The race problem is perhaps America's most violent enemy in our relationships with peoples of

Africa. Their diplomats frequently are humiliated in travel and in their efforts to secure homes, even in our nation's capital city.

The brighter side of U.S. race relations seldom reaches them. And the darker side still is dark enough to reflect a cloudy sky. Our problem is not merely a local or even a national one. It has worldwide ramifications.

We can find no comfort in the fact that other countries, including the Soviet Union, also are experiencing racial problems. We are among the world's leading advocates of "liberty and justice for all." And we now are being called on to translate this noble ideal into a more practical reality.

The revolution of our day requires that we reexamine our total missionary approach and radically revise it. No longer can it be a dictatorship, however benevolent. Now it must become a partnership. But this sharing must not be an encounter merely between a few missionaries and the people among whom they work. The African must be made to feel that those who are sent are communicating the spirit and high purpose of the senders, if our mission is to be effective.

It is most unfortunate that the church frequently reflects patterns of society and thus prolongs them. The church should be the conscience of society ever seeking to recreate its health and wholeness. Because this distinction has not always been obvious, the church and the state frequently have been placed in the same category, by Africans, as representing a common point of view. And where this point of view is not openly expressed by the church, it exists in a gloved relationship, the African sometimes feels.

Our Declaration of Independence, proclaiming the unalienable rights of every individual, rings the liberty bell around the world. And whatever may be the political, economic, ethnic, and practical complications involved, it is the ideal around which the new nations can rally their cause. But these nations are demanding from us a better example of this ideal as a working principle. □

The View From Europe

America will have to prove beyond question that it believes men of all races have equal rights, asserts Danish pastor Poul Poulsen.

THE average Dane has little detailed knowledge of the race problem in the United States. He is, however, periodically made vividly conscious of aspects of it by way of television, radio, and the press, which give each new crisis comprehensive coverage.

In a way, the problem is too remote to get the average Danish person stirred up. There would be no doubt in his mind, however, that race discrimination in any form is cruel and evil.

Let us take a couple of pretty average remarks from the Danish press. In November, 1964, the play *The Death of Bessie Smith* was produced in Aarhus, Denmark's second largest city. It is the story of a Negro singer, Bessie Smith, who was involved in an accident. A friend took her to a white hospital which was very slow to give her the attention she needed. The friend then took Bessie to another hospital, where a nurse refused her admission. A doctor, later commenting on her death, concludes that she died while being taken from hospital to hospital.

"The whites killed Bessie Smith," is the cry in the play. A critic in the responsible and widely read Copenhagen daily, *Information*, described the situation as "crude and abominable." The review was entitled "The Rough America."

Or witness a notice in *Berlingske Tidende*, Copenhagen's conservative morning paper, where reviewer Henrik Neiiendam, discussing the contents of a novel in which the American colored writer Richard Wright tells the story of a Negro's day in Chicago, comments, "This book does not make pleasant reading."

Of course, as we Danes say, "*Den, som har skoen på, ved bedst, hvor den trykker.*" ("When you wear the shoes, you know where they pinch.") We have in Denmark no comparable problem. We are, however, rather proud of the

fact that when Hitler decided to transport Denmark's 7,000 Jews to nazi camps in Germany, 6,500 of them succeeded in escaping to Sweden with the help of other Danish people.

Scandinavia generally may be taken as having expressed an opinion on America's race problem in presenting the Nobel Peace Prize to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., supporting him in his conviction that co-operation between legislation and discussion is vital. We quite accept the fact that the question is not a simple one. Present-day white Americans have not asked to have Negroes in their midst, nor have American Negroes asked to be there. But today both make up the American nation.

It is my personal view—and I think this would be the view held by most Danes—that America will first have to establish beyond question the principle that men of all races are equal, and then go through a period of suffering and difficulty in applying this in a practical way in every area of the national life.

We recall the words of the late, great Dr. Albert Schweitzer who, at 90 years of age, last January, summed up his view of what missionary work involves: "Not sacrifice, nor idealism, but atonement for." Worth remembering, also, is a declaration made by scientists and issued by the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) in November, 1964: "There are no scientific facts which motivate the ideas of underprivileged or privileged races. Biological facts do not substantiate the doctrine of race."

America has traditionally been regarded by Scandinavians as a land of opportunity. But today they would think of racial discrimination in the United States as a wound in a giant's body, and that something specific should be done about it now. Obviously it is partly

a question of difference in social standards; and to citizens of a welfare state like Denmark, it must seem that part of the solution is to be found in creating better living conditions for everybody.

In an article in one of our larger circulation papers here, *Berlingske Aftenavis*, Arne Sørensen wrote, "We demand something very spe-

cial of the Americans. Race problems are to be found in very many places throughout the world, but we are daily watching how the Negro question is tackled in America."

How America solves her race problem will be of vital and far-reaching importance all over the world. □

American, not as one who proposes ideals to him in a paternal way but as a companion in the throng that is facing the same difficulties and looking to the future with the same dreams.

How do the racial problems of the United States affect accomplishment of the church's mission abroad? When the first missionaries from the United States arrived, they inspired not only gratitude because they brought the Gospel but also admiration for their American character. Perhaps the tendency of people in the mission field was to identify the Gospel with a culture.

Now the distinction between the Gospel and North American culture is more obvious. But an outsider can see in your Gospel definite signs that it has been influenced by your culture. We now recognize the existence of injustices in American society, but we hope that Christians will fight to overcome them, just as injustices in our situation are confronting us and challenging us to act. We cannot ask for success, but we can ask for a clear engagement.

The mere existence of a racial problem in the United States does not affect the missionary work of North American people in Latin America; but when churches or individual Christians create barriers to justice, it is a scandalous situation which then becomes a serious handicap for the mission.

How can you expect us to understand when your missionaries come with a Gospel proclaiming human integration—so needed in Latin America—while in their own country there are churches that refuse to be integrated, and pastors who appear to be leaders of the segregationist movement? It is difficult, if not impossible, to talk about Christianity in these circumstances. Hearts become hardened and the judgment of hypocrisy falls over the church.

With God's help, we are being transformed into one world. What happens in the Mississippi Delta has consequences in the rest of the world. It opens or closes doors of the Kingdom. We pray God that Christians everywhere may be able to act in the future in repentance and with wisdom. □

...From South America

U.S. prestige has slipped dramatically since the idealistic days following World War II, Uruguayan minister Emilio Castro reports.

NORTH American prestige was at its highest point at the end of World War II. The heroic struggle against nazi tyranny and Japanese fanaticism brought the world's admiration. The United States emerged as the natural leader of humanity in its fight for a total solution of postwar problems. When the Four Freedoms were proclaimed, the whole world dreamed of the arrival of a new day.

The United States could appeal to its democratic heritage of equality and liberty as a basic instrument for the ideological battle. Her ideals had the support of the majority of Latin American people.

Then Montgomery came into the headlines. And Selma. So now the battle for international prestige must be waged in other fields. It can no longer be won with slogans. It must be fought with facts.

The press now informs the world about the fight of U.S. Negroes for racial equality. The mass media show them suffering police brutality. A worldwide public becomes acquainted with North American segregation and its problems, and the glamor disappears. People elsewhere now make an unfavorable judgment about American society and are pessimistic about the possibility it offers for others. Now is a time when everything could be gained or lost.

Too many Americans persist obstinately in believing their old image. They pretend that the race problem does not exist, or they minimize it. They say that the press

exaggerates it out of proportion to its statistical importance, pointing out the gains, though relatively small, that have been made by American Negroes in recent years. But their effort is in vain.

The fact that one man suffers injustice because of his color puts the stability and virtue of a whole way of life under suspicion. On the other hand, distance obscures the shades of gray. Any justification that might have some local importance loses its significance when it is seen with the coldness and objectivity of people abroad.


Recently the press has tried forms of excusing the U.S. problem, admitting its existence but pretending to find it in other places. In particular, it is reported that race riots also have occurred in communist countries. But the harder we try to elevate faults of others, the more we reveal our own.

In Spanish we have a proverb which goes, "Evil of many, consolation of fools." The eyes of the world on the United States are not interested in comparing its faults or virtues with those of others, only in comparing the behavior of the United States with the ideals it holds up as goals for itself.

When a young Latin American sees on the screen white and black young men marching in Selma attacked by police, he feels a profound tie of sympathy, for he, too, knows the meaning of fighting against the power of the status quo. He also knows the garrote of the powerful. He can look at this new

LET 'ER BLOW!

By HAROLD A. BOSLEY
Pastor, Christ Church, Methodist
New York, New York



IS IT TRUE, and if it is, must it necessarily be true, that the Christian church is the last stand of conservatism throughout the whole range of life?

How on earth did the institution which boasts of belonging to the tradition of those "who upset the world" ever get pegged to some particular cultural or social pattern? Incredibly, that is precisely what has happened time and time again in Christian history, and it is happening today.

An Ancient Conflict: Old vs. New

The predicament of the church is of a piece with a general problem, the ancient conflict between the old and the new in human affairs. Jesus faced it throughout his public ministry. His most continuous conflict was with religious leaders. He tried to interest them in the great new fact of the kingdom of God, to tell them they were living in a different world, to prepare them to make a creative contribution in that new world. But they never heard him out.

The Pharisees had earned the respect of the Jewish people. They had led the fight for freedom and independence and had won it for all Jews. Jesus was well aware of this, and aware, too, that they had built a high wall around themselves, seeking to be insulated from contamination by the world. But this wall had become their major problem. It did more than keep the world out; it kept them out of the world.

Thus the Pharisees, custodians of the old and the traditional, kept missing the point of all that was new

in what Jesus was saying. Finally, in a flash, he saw their real tragedy: they had outlived their usefulness in the unfolding world of God. In a series of parables, scattered over the New Testament, Jesus drives home the hard point: "God cannot use you anymore. You are blinded by your conceit; you are stifled by your righteousness; you are so enslaved to your traditional ways that God cannot get through with anything new."

What an awful judgment to pronounce upon men who had earned the right of religious leadership! Our Lord must have pronounced it more in sorrow than in anger, but he had to do it. Then he turned away from the accepted religious leaders to the publicans and sinners, artisans, fishermen, and tax-gatherers, calling them to be heralds of the new world.

I recall, in vivid contrast, a conversation with a young chemist who had taken a job with a great industrial concern. Asked what he did, he hesitantly replied, "Well, I'm not quite sure. I don't have any definite assignment."

I could scarcely believe my ears. "Do you mean a hardheaded business firm is paying you for doing something, and you are not quite sure what it is?"

"Yes," he said. "I belong to a small group of research chemists that is supposed to come up with something new, some new technique, process, product—perhaps, if we are lucky, a new industry."

This openness toward the new squared with the talk I had just had with a chemist in a paint company. He had brought a certain process in manufacturing pigments to a point of perfection that made millions of dollars worth of manufacturing equipment obsolete. He could not have destroyed his company's investment in special machinery more thoroughly if he had set off a series of dynamite charges in the factory. The company had to start all over again, and the officers knew it. But did they fire him? Not quite. They made him a vice-president in charge of production.

Thus industry and science move ahead. They recognize the need for the old giving way to the new; they welcome it and seek to accelerate it. That, more than anything else, is the reason they are the driving, formative forces in the emerging world of tomorrow.

Religion—Stronghold of the Old

How I wish I could report a similar friendliness to new ideas in religion today. But this continues to be the area where the old and the new are locked in conflict that seems to be unrelenting. Here the old often tries to strangle the new in its cradle.

But there are some hopeful signs that we may be becoming aware of the tragedy of this. A few years ago a distinguished group of business and professional leaders gathered for the specific purpose of trying to chart what might lie ahead over the next 50 years. This is a part of what they reported:

"The next half century will be a period of catastrophic change and almost uncontrollable expansion in every area of life. It will be a period in which Christian idealism must guide the thought of men in business and industry if we are to have even a chance of finding our way through."

Where in such counsel is there room for comfort for those who would serve our faith by building a wall around it as it is?

A few years ago I received the fearful news that our home was to be the scene of a party for about 20 14-year-old boys. That is enough to sober any man. I was sent in search of a film that might keep our guests calm for a reasonable period of time. Going to a place that rented all sorts of films I said, "I want the liveliest thing you have in stock."

"How about a Wild West show?" the clerk said.

"No," I said. "That's old hat. I think I had better look for something else."

"Well," he said, "I've got one here called *The Birth of a Volcano*. It tells the story of that new volcano in Mexico." After seeing a few scenes, I took it.

When the evening arrived, we got the boys quiet enough to start the film. It begins with a peon walking behind a plow in his bare feet but noticing that the earth is getting hotter and hotter. Finally he leaves the field and runs for safety because he knows that something is going to happen there—and it surely does. The whole earth seemed to blow up—up—up!

At one point in the picture, a little boy runs from the molten lava crying, in search of his parents. When he came on the screen one of the boys in our party shouted to me, "How do you stop a volcano?" All I knew to do when a volcano starts to blow is to stand clear and let her blow.

Our problem is not how to stop a volcano but how to live in the midst of the most volcanic age known to man. Knowing for a fact that the new is coming, the thing we must hope for is that somehow or other we shall learn to live with it creatively.

One of the most exciting and exacting parts of my ministry takes me to many colleges and university campuses each year. It is here the church faces one of her most serious problems. In increasing numbers, today's students see the church as some huge Gulliver, so tied down by a million little strings of tradition, custom, hallowed rite, and word that it is incapable of effective action. Yet, in conferences on recruitment for the ministry, we wonder why our source of supply is drying up!

Time and time again, when trying to interest men

and women in the ministry, I have run into the feeling so well expressed by one young man: "Why waste time fighting what belongs to yesterday?" That is where the churches are—they are not interested in the problems of today and tomorrow.

Of course it is hard to stay in and work toward removal of injustices that exist today both in the church and outside it. Yet I am convinced that if this generation would seriously get into the church and work at it, if they had the courage of their convictions, they might easily bring the church to a new threshold of usefulness in facing great problems.

I keep telling our properly critical youth that they have a hard yet simple choice before them if they intend to take the ideals of the Christian ethic seriously as goals for personal and social living. They can step outside the existing church and start a new one. Or they can stay within the existing church and seek its reformation. This choice is hard, but the latter alternative both promises more immediate action and guarantees greater support for their effort.

Change Will Come

The church is no monolith of conservatism. There are disturbed currents running deep within her life these days. From these, social change and reform can and will come—and with the cumulative power of the ages behind them. If the church is to recover the courage of her convictions, it will be because people find a home in her, or make a home in her, and work at her problems from the inside.

If 2,000 years of Christian history mean anything at all, there is no reason for us to think we can stop change either in the world or in the church. Change ought to come; change will come; change is coming—and it is fundamental change all through life.

I do not blame the scribes and Pharisees for loving and standing by the customs and beliefs that had stood the test of time. Nor do I blame them for questioning all who came along criticizing their beliefs. But I *do* blame them for not giving Jesus a fair hearing when he talked about the great new thing that God was doing. And I blame them for failing to distinguish between two kinds of change—that which is pushed from the outside by those who are hostile, and that which wells up from within a heritage, from those who are children of the same tradition. Jesus was speaking to his own from within, and yet they would not listen.

Today we are living in a time when the old order is changing from its very foundations. There is no society on the face of the earth that is not in the grip of revolutionary, fundamental change. All are going to be altered in almost unrecognizable fashion within the lifetime of our children.

The new is literally shouting for a hearing in every problem we face—and we must make answer. The new will come surging up out of the mysterious depths of the world to challenge a newly established old. Thus it will go on and on in the affairs of men until, by the grace of God, a great new world has been brought into existence and men shall know the meaning of our Lord's phrase, "The kingdom of God is within you." □

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

"MOST OF the time I love my parents," a teen-age girl writes. "But sometimes I get so mad I almost hate them. They don't seem to realize I'm growing up. They restrict me too much. When I try to explain things my father loses his temper. His anger upsets my mother, so she starts crying. Then I feel terrible.

"Dr. Barbour, you once printed some suggestions for teen-agers to follow in getting along with their parents. Why don't you also print suggestions for parents, telling *them* how to do a good job with their teen-agers? Wouldn't that be fair?"

I am sorry for the conflict in this or any teen-ager's home. What she proposes does seem fair, so I am glad to print five home-tested suggestions for parents of teen-agers.

Set up clear rules in advance. Rules are essential. Agree on them ahead of time. Cover such items as dating, studying, driving, dressing, allowances, and other things your young people fret over.

Try to be consistent. Enforce your rules carefully. Your teen-agers need to know in advance how you will react. You cannot afford to be lax today and strict tomorrow.

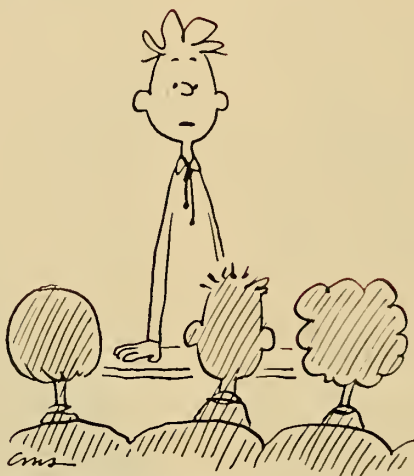
Expand independence. As your youngsters grow up, their judgment will improve. You should expand their freedom as fast as you can do so safely. They aren't babies now.

Try to understand. Teen-agers' most common complaint is that their folks do not try to understand them. Please remember your own teen years. Do your best to see the world through your young people's eyes. Then you will feel less critical.

Love them. This might be most important of all. Your teen-agers still need to feel the security of your love. You cannot demonstrate affection in the ways you did when they were little, but you can show it in a manner they will accept. They ought to know that, in spite of your inevitable disagreements, they still can count on your support.

aa

I am a boy, 13. My trouble is my temper. When things go wrong, I



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz
© 1965 by Warner Press, Inc.

"Next Sunday we are going to have a combined meeting with the Youth Fellowship of the church across the street to find out which separates us the most—doctrine or a street full of traffic."

blow up and say things which sound awful. How can I control my temper?

—R.B. I wish we had an easy way to control our tempers, but we do not. All anyone can do is keep trying. Learn to recognize the symptoms when you are headed for a blowup, then you will be able to pull yourself back. Avoid subjects and situations in which you are apt to become angry. Be patient with yourself. You will make many mistakes which will offend people. Be sure to apologize afterward for them. Good luck!

aa

I am 13 years old. All my life I have wanted to have a dog, but my mother has refused. She says they are dirty creatures, that they have fleas, mess up the house, and carry germs. I have promised I would keep a dog clean. I have pledged to feed him, and clean up any messes he might make. My mother still says no. I want a dog! How can I get my mother to let me have one, Dr. Barbour?—M.G. Would it be possible to keep the dog outside the house all the time? That way most of your mother's objections would be overcome. Recently I saw a study of the effects of pet ownership,

made by psychologists. Their conclusion was that normal children and young people need pets to love, and to be loved by. Maybe your father can help you.

aa

I am a high-school junior. I want to order a school annual. However, my father says I cannot have one. I got an annual last year. A friend wrote a dirty poem in it. My mother saw it and took it to my father. He really flipped! I believe a high-school annual is the best way for a person to remember friends, in future years. Do you agree? I should not be blamed for that poem. I did not write it. Should I be allowed to have an annual this year?—L.M. Would your father relent if you promised not to let anyone write in the annual? I know it would be difficult for you. Kids enjoy passing their copies around. However, I share your father's concern over the dirty poems and stories which some misguided youngsters write in their friends' books. They spoil everything. I have kept my old high-school annuals. They are antique now, but I find them helpful in reminding me of my school friends.

aa

My mother and father say that I cheated in school. I don't think I did. I'm a boy of 13. My best friend isn't too bright, but we are buddies. Last spring we had to write term reports in history. I wrote his report as well as my own. He got a B on it. If he had done his own work, he probably would have gotten a D or F. My parents are still scolding me. Is it wrong for a boy to help his buddy?—B.U. I am sorry, but what you did was wrong. The teacher believed your friend had written the report himself. To deceive is to cheat. In the future, your friend must do his own work. You are doing him no favor to do it for him.

aa

I think I was born a loser. No matter what I do I cannot win. I lose in sports, in elections, and in contests. Other kids lose once in awhile, but I lose all the time. I am getting sick of it. Can you help me?—L.P. I believe I can help you. I've never known a teen-ager of normal intelligence who did not have some special talents. The trick is to find your talents and then

use them. Have you been trying to excel in the wrong sports? Experiment with other activities. When you find the right one, develop that skill to the utmost. Then you will start winning. If you want to be a student leader, take public-speaking classes. Do you play a musical instrument? Then form or join a combo and start rehearsing. Most of the people who win when they are 17 and 18 started out as losers when they were 12 or 13. They reacted by working extra hard. That is what you should do. Good luck!

QA

I am a boy, 13, whose parents are getting a divorce. Boys are not supposed to cry, but I've cried a lot about this. I love both my mother and my father. Their lawyers have agreed that I should live with my mother. I want very much to stay with my father. If I can't have both of my parents, why don't they let me choose which one to live with?—L.K. I am very sorry for what is happening. When divorces occur, decisions regarding custody of children are made by the judges who preside over the court proceedings. Some judges let children of your age decide which parent they will live with. I suggest you ask your father to have his lawyer check on this. However, a majority of judges feel that mothers are more apt to establish good homes for their children than fathers. Therefore, they usually place boys and girls with their mothers.

QA

I am a girl, 13, and love a woman teacher. When I told my mother about it, she said it was only a temporary crush. Do other girls feel this way? Is there something wrong with me?—B.U. Nearly all girls go through a period when they have deep feelings of affection for an older member of the same sex. At your age, the feeling is normal. Almost certainly your love will not last. Before long you will find a boy who is more attractive to you than the teacher. Or you may find several boys. Your mother is probably right.

•

Do you need advice about how to tackle your problems? Write to Dr. Barbour in care of TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Your name and address will be kept confidential.—EDITORS



Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church



How does remorse differ from repentance? Remorse centers in self—feeling sorry for oneself—but repentance is sorrow for the wrong one has done. Judas hanged himself, but Peter, who was also guilty of disloyalty, became a disciple and a martyr.

Philip Watson is right in suggesting that sin is the assertion, in contrast to the sacrifice, of selfish interests. "It is self-seeking as opposed to self-giving."

But we ought always to remember that we do not really sin against other people but against God. Sinning brings estrangement from God, and restoration comes only after forgiveness by him.

Should a preacher quote Greek and Hebrew? Not if he can make his meaning clear without it; but there are times when this becomes difficult.

For example, as David Schramm once pointed out in a *Garrett Tower* article, Hebrew has no "don't." Urging or commanding a person not to do something is linguistically impossible in Hebrew. So, the Decalogue really says that if you are God's man, or God's people, you will not take his name in vain, or bear false witness, or covet, or kill, or commit adultery. (And there are all sorts of good sermons in that Hebrew lesson!)

Another example from the Greek: "servant" really comes from the word that gives us "deacon." The well-known passage (Mark 9:35) could be translated: "If anyone wants to be first, he must become the deacon." (That, too, has homiletical possibilities.)

What is the difference between sorcery and simony? There is no similarity except in semantics. Sorcery is the supposed use of evil powers to influence or control forces or persons for personal advantage. Simony (named for Simon Magus, who tried to bargain with Paul for the miraculous powers of the Christians) is the buying and selling of offices in the church, with the supposition that possession of those offices brings miraculous powers.

The Christian church has condemned both. Dante placed in the lowest depths of hell some of the most notorious practitioners of simony in his day. Of course, the influence of the Christian community may be prostituted for secular purposes, and that can be symbolically linked with both sorcery and simony.

"Have you ever noticed how many questions Jesus asked?" Minnesota's Bishop T. Otto Nall wanders. "Often he followed a story with a question." . . . If you have a question you would like the bishop to answer, write to him at 122 West Franklin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 55404.

Looks at NEW BOOKS

WHEN Albert Schweitzer went to Africa in 1913, he promised the Paris Missionary Society he would practice medicine, not preach. Yet for the next 52 years, his life and work in the hospital at Lambaréné was a living sermon. Also, as the years went on, the good doctor had a lot to say in person and print, if not in sermons, and what he said will remain a permanent legacy to mankind. The core of his belief lay in his simple statement: "A Christian is one who has the spirit of Christ. This is the only theology."

The Schweitzer Album (Harper/Black, \$17.50) is a moving portrait in words and pictures by Erica Anderson, who went to Lambaréné in 1950 to make a motion picture about Dr. Schweitzer and the hospital. She went back 19 times, each time with her cameras.

Miss Anderson is a gifted photographer, and much of the story is told in pictures that set you down in the middle of the bustling, village-like hospital.

Even more fascinating than the pictures, however, are the quotations from Albert Schweitzer himself. They explain why so gifted a man chose to "bury himself" deep in Africa—and why the world followed him to his doorstep and honored him with the Nobel Peace Prize.

Back in 1810, 16-year-old James Harper finished his schooling and had to decide what he wanted to make of his life. Having just read Benjamin Franklin's life story, he asked his parents what they would think of his becoming a printer. Joseph and Elizabeth Harper were devout Methodists



Over 50 years separate the picture of Albert Schweitzer, 21, independent-minded theology student and gifted organist, from that of Albert Schweitzer, the missionary physician whose life was eloquent witness to his reverence for life and his love of God. *The Schweitzer Album* records the years between.



and completely aware of how heavily the evangelistic work of the Wesleys depended on the printed word, so they gave willing approval. Young James was apprenticed to Abraham Paul, one of their Methodist friends, who was senior partner in a New York City printing establishment.

James and his brother John hung up the sign, "J. & J. Harper, Printers," in 1817, taking on job printing but determined they were going to pro-

duce books. Later they were joined in their firm by their two younger brothers, Wesley and Fletcher, neither of whom could resist the smell of printer's ink, either. The second book printed by the firm was a Methodist catechism, Thayer's *Religion Recommended to Youth*, printed for Soule & Mason, book agents of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

That was the beginning of the publishing firm now known as Harper

& Row. In *The Brothers Harper* (Harper & Row, \$7.95) Eugene Exman gives us a detailed record of how it became, in only a few decades, a leading publishing house in the young United States.

Elizabeth Harper had planned that Wesley would become a preacher, but when I look over the list of books that have borne the Harper imprint, and add to them the influence of the magazine that carries the Harper name, I do not believe he could have served more effectively in the most distinguished pulpit.

There are two ways in which a truly Christian reformation could come about. One is through some terrifying persecution that would rid the church of those of little faith, of the status seekers and respectability hunters, of the deadwood who enjoy the club atmosphere, of the ecclesiastical hangers-on, and the comfort-seekers. The other way, and the more likely, is the result of the actions of only one man, some spiritual genius perhaps yet unborn, who will "take all the incredible laws, postures, and myths of today's church and turn them inside out, so they have some relevance in the New Age."

So believes Pierre Berton, a Canadian writer with a minimal church interest who was asked by the Anglican Church of Canada to examine the church as an outsider might and say as frankly as he wanted to what is wrong with it. He does this bluntly in *The Comfortable Pew* (Lippincott, \$3.50 cloth, \$1.95 paper), and it makes some mighty uncomfortable reading for all churches, The Methodist Church not excluded. Do not pass this book by because it is Canadian. It is pertinent and pithy, and I think we will be hearing a lot about it for some time.

The estimated income of the United States' 18.7 million people over the age of 65 was about \$40 billion in 1965. Yet most of the people now over retirement age "will be caught in *The Retirement Trap*" (Doubleday, \$4.50), warn Leland Frederick Cooley and Lee Morrison Cooley.

Retirement cities and retirement homes are mushrooming all over the country. But, say the Cooleys, the greater number are profit-motivated and designed to appeal to the "affluent elderly" or middle-income groups. "Far too few" retirement facilities are for the very poor. "The majority of senior citizens will still be forced to make out as they always have, as unwilling dependents of children or as lonely outcasts in substandard housing."

"The needs of retirees increase as their years increase and their incomes

decrease," *The Retirement Trap* points out. Added to insufficient funds and the loss of health are the strains of emotional distress, the fear of death, futility, sameness in day-to-day living, the need to be needed, and the loss of dignity in status. "Our society no longer respects age."

The Cooleys have some caustic comments on church-initiated or church-inspired nonprofit, tax-exempt developments, terming them the largest exploiters of the senior retirement market, although they admit that some "are really excellent." Their severest criticism is that "these places are taking care of people who don't need assistance."

The point stressed throughout the book is that when you plan for your golden years, you should investigate thoroughly. And that, by the way, was the advice in *TOGETHER's Retirement Cities: Blessing or Curse?* [February, 1964, page 45].

Ralph E. Lapp, a distinguished nuclear physicist, is worried about the increasing bigness and influence of science, and he has written a book in which he warns that there is real danger that science and its rampagous offspring—technology—may become a modern Moloch if it is not brought under control.

He does not mean, he says in *The New Priesthood* (Harper & Row, \$4.95), that there is any conspiracy of scientists wanting to seize the reins of government. But he points out that there is such a gap between scientist and layman, a gap that goes deeper than difference of vocabulary, that Congress, for example, is not capable of intelligent discussion on vital scientific issues, while a researcher whose discoveries have won him a Nobel Prize may have little sense of the impact of his work upon society.

The newly emerging generation of scientists, he believes, should serve a kind of postgraduate internship on the relation of science to society.

In *The Feminine Crisis in Christian Faith* (Abingdon, \$2.75) Elizabeth Achtemeier finds American women accomplished in homemaking, responsible in civic and community life, and active in church work. But, she says, most women are not adequately versed in theology and uncritically accept anything with a religious label. As a result, they approach huge undertakings naively, biting off more than they can chew and sometimes angering or amusing the very souls they want to attract. And they find their own lives devoid of meaning.

Dr. Achtemeier's book, therefore, is a short course in Christian theology written expressly for women. And who is Dr. Achtemeier to write such a



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The First Methodist Society . . .

in Philadelphia, the "city of brotherly love," was organized by a British army captain who usually did his preaching with his sword lying across the Bible.

The society met for a time in a pothouse, or tavern. Finally a building came to it in an odd way. A German Reformed congregation had finished the walls and roof of a new meetinghouse, then ran out of money and could go no further. It already had gone too far, in fact, and its trustees were put in jail for debt. To clear the debt the unfinished building was put up for auction. The high bid, for 700 pounds, was made by a young man who was *non compos mentis*. The auctioneer told the lad's furious

father he would cancel the obligation if he would sign a paper saying his son was insane. The father indignantly refused and offered the building to the Methodists for 650 pounds. They moved in on November 24, 1769.

St. George's Church still stands in Philadelphia, our oldest continuous Methodist congregation, and it is its present minister, Frederick E. Maser, who tells of its founding in *The Dramatic Story of Early American Methodism* (Abingdon, 70¢). The book will be distributed by the Association of Methodist Historical Societies during 1966 as part of the observance of American Methodism's bicentennial year.

Actually, Dr. Maser writes, his-

torians are still debating about which Methodist society was the first one established in America. It is known, however, that in September, 1766, an Irish local preacher named Philip Embury organized a Methodist class in New York City. He had no choice; his cousin, Barbara Heck, gave him no peace until he did. He was helped in the preaching by Captain Thomas Webb, who organized the Philadelphia group about 1767. It is known, too, that a Methodist society existed in Leesburg, Va., by 1766.

Dr. Maser has an eye for incidents that spring history into life, and his story of Methodism's early days gives us men—and women—who resolutely put their faith into words and action.

book? A housewife and mother first, she would tell you. Her husband is professor of New Testament at Lancaster Theological Seminary. Second, she is a visiting lecturer in Old Testament at Lancaster. She received her doctor's degree in biblical studies from Columbia University and her bachelor of divinity from Union Theological Seminary. She has studied also at Stanford University, Stephens College, the University of Heidelberg, and the University of Basel.

Her patronizing air and scornful rejection of natural religion and sentimental attitudes will anger many of her feminine readers. Others will find her theology sound and her forthrightness prophetic.

The lawyer who jumps to his feet and shouts that he will "fight this case right up to the Supreme Court" may be making a meaningless grandstand play. The nation's highest court is not required to hear any appeal it does not wish to hear; it will not always right an obvious miscarriage of justice; it does not consider itself a tribunal whose purpose is to correct the mistaken judgments of lower courts. In short, the Supreme Court is not what many people think it is.

What cases does the Supreme Court hear? It has original jurisdiction in cases involving diplomats and suits between states; and it may hear appeals in cases concerning federal laws, the Constitution, maritime law, suits crossing over state lines, and treaties made by the United States.

Rarely has the Supreme Court decided a constitutional law case simply on the basis of precedent. It never shows any qualms about changing its mind, reversing itself, or disregarding

previous decisions. In former times, it reflected entrenched reaction, much of the time denying human rights; now it is the institution that is most effectively promoting and preserving democracy.

What really motivates the court is the spirit of the nine justices. Constitutional lawyer Leo Pfeffer follows this spirit through American history in an important and lively book, *This Honorable Court* (Beacon Press, \$10.95).

He reveals that from the very first the Court's rulings have incited vociferous denunciations. And, though an admirer of the court, he agrees with its many critics that it is, in effect, a supra-legislature. "It is supreme," he comments, "but it is not really a court."

In 1923 and 1925, both times in school cases, the court asserted its power to employ the "due process" clause in Article V of the Bill of Rights to protect individual freedoms. The court's civil rights decisions have contributed more to the struggle for racial equality than the efforts of Presidents Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, Dwight D. Eisenhower, John F. Kennedy, and Lyndon B. Johnson combined. The pendulum swings, however, and last year the court refused to eliminate *de facto* school segregation that results from neighborhood makeup. Pfeffer theorizes that this is a sign the justices feel they have done about as much as they can to assure full equality for the Negro people.

Of special interest to TOGETHER readers are Pfeffer's reports of the several public-school decisions, most notable the 1948 case of *McCullum vs. Board of Education of Champaign*,

Ill., establishing that religious instruction may not be given in any public school.

You do not have to be a student of constitutional law to find *This Honorable Court* fascinating.

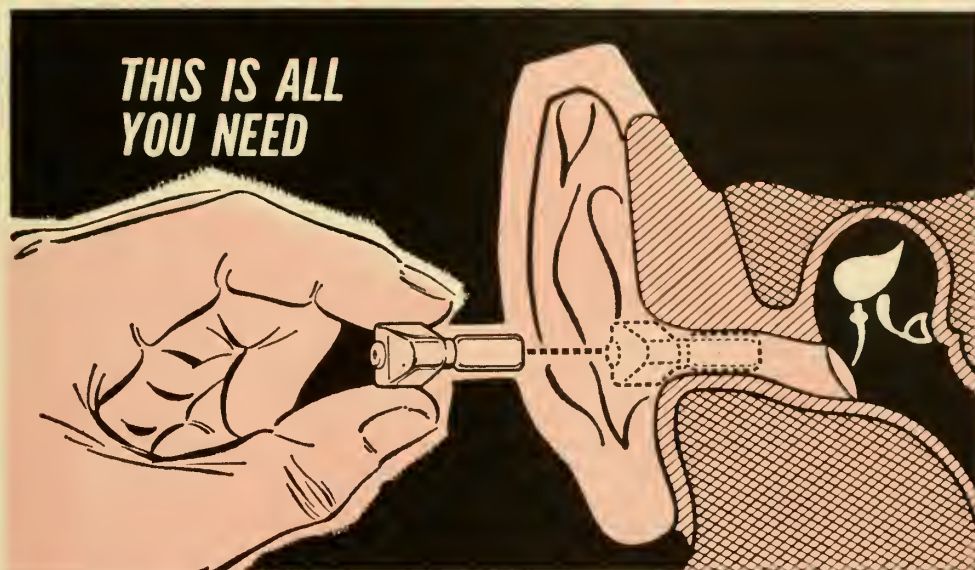
An aspect of church-state relations that few of us give any thought to—unless we run headlong into it—is the effect of zoning regulations on where and how churches may be built, and on how existing churches may use the land they own.

About 100 church zoning cases have reached the higher courts of the various states, and a lawyer named James E. Curry digests them in *Public Regulation of the Religious Use of Land* (The Michie Co., \$12.50). The Latin that pervades most law reports is refreshingly absent, and the record is completely intelligible to the layman.

Curry does not see public regulation of religious land use as an unmitigated evil, nor zoning and planning officials in the role of villains. He recognizes regulation as a necessity in our crowded, busy age, and what a church wants to do may not always be in the public interest. But he feels that the subject needs airing, and he deals with it in brisk, orderly fashion. You may not always agree with him, nor with the legal decision cited, but if you have an interest in the way law relates to religious freedom, you will find this survey worthwhile.

Joyce James' first memory was of her grandparents' ghost-gray, river-stone house in the Valley of Eight Bells. It was a Welsh valley, walled by mountains, with coal pits and a black, oily

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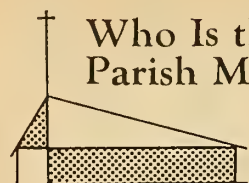
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river. Joyce's own father had been killed in a mineshaft explosion before she was born, and she was reared by her grandparents while her mother worked as a housekeeper.

Her childhood was secure in the love of Grancher and Gran, and that her family, indeed the whole valley, was poor and she was underprivileged never occurred to her. At 14 she left her valley to go into service, but she failed utterly as a kitchen maid. This, however, was a blessing because it allowed her to realize her dream of becoming a nurse.

A *Welsh Story* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$4.95) is Joyce James Varney's autobiography up to the time she left Britain at the end of World War II to join her American flyer-husband. It is a book with rare charm and warmth, recording a young girl's expanding world and revealing tragedy, scandal, disappointment, dreams, and love with the healthy balance and understanding its author absorbed from a family of strong, sensitive people. The word for it is "satisfying," a word that can be used very seldom with books today.

Webb Garrison, a Methodist minister who also is a well-known free-lance writer, has always been fascinated by words. In fact, he has been writing about them, as well as with them, for 20 years.

Now his anecdotes about how we got more than 500 familiar words and phrases are gathered into *What's in a Word?* (Abingdon, \$4.95). It blends information and entertainment in equal measure.

In one of my first writing jobs, which was with a college of agriculture, I was responsible for news stories about research the college was going to do. This was not always easy, because the outlines that came to me were written in scientific language, yet I rather enjoyed it.

Then the college got a new dean, and he told the professors that future research proposals would have to be prefaced with summaries in *simple English*. These summaries saved me—and possibly the dean—a lot of time, but I am afraid the professors spent hours trying to phrase their summaries. They just were not used to talking about their work in anything but scientific terms.

They could have used a book like *How to Write Better and Faster* (Crowell, \$4.95), by Terry C. Smith. Everybody could, whether he writes letters to customers, reports for the board of directors, publicity for the Woman's Society, or letters to grandma. Smith has written such a sparkling, technically sound book, in fact, that I am going to have a hard

time holding onto my copy in this office of professional writers.

In August, 1961, Soviet and U.S. tanks came face to face at the Berlin Wall. The resulting diplomatic maneuvers were the first steps leading to the end of the cold war, believes Charles O. Lerche, Jr., dean of the School of International Service at Methodist-related American University.

The Cold War . . . And After (Prentice-Hall, \$4.95 cloth, \$1.95 paper) is his analysis of major U.S.-Soviet confrontations during the past 20 years. This country, he claims, has made no substantial modifications in its basic strategies since the late 1940s. Yet in his opinion the world is entering a phase of history so dramatically different from 1945, or even 1955, that almost entirely new policies by all major nations are called for.

Miscellany One (Watts, \$7.95) is expensive for a juvenile book, but boys and girls will discover it contains a rather special trove of literary fare plus reproductions in color of some lively modern paintings.

Edward Blishen has selected the stories, poems, and "pieces," all by contemporary authors. Most of them are British, but all have a universal appeal for young people in the whereabouts of 10.

My road to work used to bring me through farmland. Now it is edged by ranch houses, shopping centers, schools, filling stations, and a vast warren of apartments. And not a tree in sight except in the mile or so through forest preserve.

So a book for children has delighted my sense of poetic justice. The forest is not saved in *The Affable, Amiable Bulldozer Man* (Knopf, \$3), but author and illustrator Elisabeth MacIntyre has a valiant ant climb up and nip the leg of the man who drives the bulldozer, and the creatures of the forest, driven from their uprooted haven, find the garden and elegant new home of the man who had bought the forest to "develop" it for his shopping center.

The rabbits burrow happily in his garden; the birds take up residence on a limb from which they could watch his TV through the window. The spider finds a warm place to spin her web in a lamp, the fly finds a window that did not quite close, so he can go in and out, and the ants move into the rock garden.

I hope the squirrels get into the attic, too. But your five-year-old will probably not miss this oversight, and I think Miss MacIntyre's lively drawings and tongue-in-cheek story told in rhyme will tickle his sense of humor.

—BARNABAS



Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

A SUCCESSFUL movie usually is followed by four or five others just about like it. The reasoning is that if one theme has been popular, then the same formula can be developed and sold over and over again. This works up to a certain point—but woe unto the producer who misjudges a break in the public's interest. Suddenly, he has an expensive production on his hands and no customers. The change is sometimes catastrophic.

Years ago there was a stampede toward miniature golf courses. Everybody was playing the game, and then suddenly nobody wanted to pay money to putt a little ball through all kinds of fancy handicaps. As I remember, it died almost overnight.

I wonder if we are not in danger of going through some such cycle in our fiction. Spy stories have been very popular, and this month I want to talk about another one, **THE LOOKING GLASS WAR**, by John Le Carre (*Coward-McCann*, \$4.95). Many of you will remember his previous best seller called *The Spy Who Came In From the Cold*.

The Looking Glass War is in the same tradition and has the same general atmosphere. It deals with the retraining of a former agent and preparations to get him into a Communist-dominated country. The people involved in the training and the department which supervises the men are described in realistic terms. The author is a man who knows his way around in this world.

A shocking book, it presents an utterly inhuman kingdom within our society. It will be said that this is necessary if we are to defend ourselves, and I shall not argue that point here. It reveals how terrifying such a place is where men have no continuing responsibility for one another. They send a man into enemy territory and simply desert him because policy dictates it. This was true of Le Carre's earlier book, as you will recall. But how long would a man dare live in such an environment without having his soul shriveled? This is the gangster world on a little higher plane.

Years ago, in an election campaign, Winston Churchill referred to fascism and communism as essentially the same. A heckler challenged him and insisted they were worlds apart. Churchill paused for a moment, then said they were worlds apart just as the North Pole and the South Pole were. But, he went on, both places have the same freezing atmosphere where nothing can grow and, while there may be minor differences between the poles, they are essentially the same.

I thought of that as I read this book with its cold and inhuman point of view. Surely there must be some warm personal relationship experienced even by spies. At least some of the movies give this impression.

Wherever there are personal relations in this book, the author seems to set them forth in mechanistic and cold perspective. There is a certain amount of jealousy and rivalry among government departments, but they have that same frigid quality as though even the vices of these people have become subhuman. The result is a curiously flat style in which the protagonists are all robots and not men. More than one prophet of the future has predicted this is the world of tomorrow. If so, I shall be glad to have been removed from it before I have to live in it.

BEWARE OF CAESAR by Vincent Sheean (*Random House*, \$4.95) is a historical novel about Nero and his tyrannical madness. Our democracy does not always give us great leaders, but we come out better than the Romans, on the average. If you read history and enjoy it, you will like this book. It does promise a little more than it fulfills, it seems to me, but it brings to life one of the more dramatic and disgraceful periods of human history.

The story is told through the experiences of Seneca, now an old man, who has seen his pupil, Nero, deteriorate into evil and madness. The old philosopher is dismissed, and he knows that he is living on borrowed time. Soon or late, his death will be required by the emperor. He faces the whole thing

with courage and dignity and tries to keep his main worries away from his wife.

There is a plot to get rid of Nero, and the motives of the conspirators are mixed. Some are patriots who want to clear the land of a disease; others are hoping to restore themselves to power.

The burning of Rome is one of the main events, and Nero puts the blame for this conflagration on the Christians. Sheean speaks a little about the early Christian movement, but he does not give the picture any depth. I wish that he might have told a little more about the early church if he was going to bring it up at all, but perhaps this is only my personal prejudice.

You will find here the standard picture of Nero and his relationship with his wives without very much exploration and depth. When you are talking about a great villain of history, it is hardly enough to say the same things which have been said for centuries. We would like some fresh insights into the character. This is my objection to the novel.

Nero remains the same madman who burned a city and then blamed it on the Christians. Maybe this is all there is to say about him. If so, it is hardly worth the writing of another novel.

The one thing which seems rather clear after reading these two books is that we have not come very far in the organization of our common life. There is the same under-the-surface jungle in our political life. We have not even advanced very far in our respect for humanity insofar as dealing with other nations is concerned. Still this is not the last word to speak.

The One whose followers were used as flaming torches for Nero's gardens is more alive today than ever and he marches onward. At least we are aware of the freezing world that is created when his spirit is denied.

Remember this next Sunday morning when you hear the preacher proclaiming the Gospel. His Kingdom is forever! And that, brethren, is good news. □

*TV, the movies, and comic books
have their drama, but they cannot compete with
Mom and Dad in one special category.*

Tell a Family Story

By LLOYD DERRICKSON

PARENTS and teachers often complain children will not listen to stories. They say TV, movies, and comic books, with their lurid tales of crime and sex, have spoiled children's receptivity to the ordinary clean story.

Perhaps that is true. Yet there is one type of story to which almost all children delight in listening—even in preference to looking at TV. These are stories about themselves. Few subjects are more appealing to adults or children than stories about their own childhood or their own family.

I stumbled on this knowledge one day when, in the presence of my daughter Lisa, 10, I related to a visitor an incident concerning Lisa at the age of 3.

Lisa listened intently, then asked, "Did I really believe dust motes dancing in the rays of sunshine were vitamins?"

I nodded. Lisa was thoughtful for a moment, then began to smile: "Guess I didn't know much then, but that was a good story. I wish you would tell me some more stories about me."

Later I did tell her more stories about herself. She listened with shining eyes. They seemed to fascinate her. Of course, I found that so long as I made her a character, even in the tallest tales, I had her undivided attention. For instance, I told her of Horace, the "Ouch Tiger," and how he acquired his name:

"While hunting in India—I, in my pith helmet, and you, Lisa, in yours—we were suddenly confronted by a most ferocious tiger. Of course I had to protect you, Lisa, so I asked, point-blank, 'What are

your intentions, Mr. Tiger, concerning us?' The tiger told us, 'Well, under ordinary conditions, I would do you no harm. My name is Horace, and almost anybody hereabouts will tell you I'm very peaceful. Except, when I'm hungry—and now I'm hungry.' With those words, Horace sprang toward us. Quickly I extended my arm. It went right down Horace's open throat, and almost before I knew it I had pulled Horace inside out.

"Horace, of course, was astounded, but he took another step toward us, and suddenly let out a loud, 'Ouch!' Then I knew what the trouble was. Having been turned inside out, of course, Horace's claws were inside, and naturally each time he took a step the sharp claws stuck him, and he was forced to cry 'Ouch.' Thus it was that Horace became known thereafter as the 'Ouch Tiger.'"

However, most of the stories I told Lisa were true, and she began to pass up many of the bloodcurdling TV shows she had formerly looked at, preferring to hear stories about herself.

But perhaps more important, she began to evaluate herself, to realize her life was one of continual change and growth and that what she was several years ago contributed materially to what she was at present. She began to point out mistakes she had made.

"If I had been kinder to that girl, that time, I think we would be friends now," she would observe. Or, "If I had done what Mother said, that time, I wouldn't have been hurt."

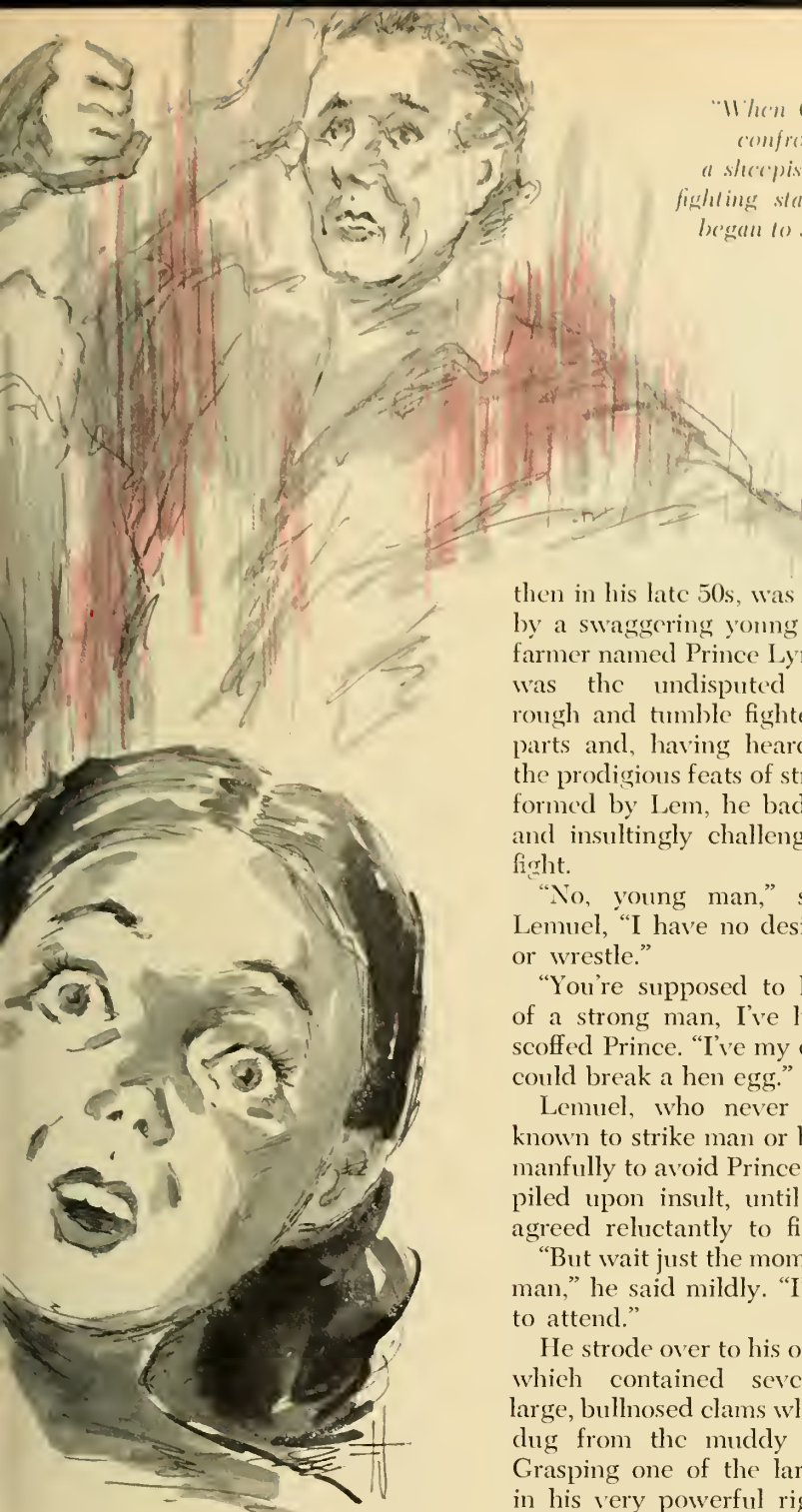
I knew then that the stories were of value to her. She was learning

to judge, to relate cause to effect; in short, she was profiting from experience.

Next to hearing about themselves, children enjoy hearing about members of their families. Not necessarily stories of heroic qualities but rather tales that depict their elders as being subject to ordinary human mistakes and frailties.

I used to tell my children stories of their grandfather Lemuel. A deeply religious Methodist farmer, Lem had such tremendous physical strength that he became almost





"When Grandfather confronted him in a sheepish, awkward fighting stance, Prince began to stutter. . . ."

then in his late 50s, was confronted by a swaggering young giant of a farmer named Prince Lynch. Prince was the undisputed champion rough and tumble fighter of those parts and, having heard much of the prodigious feats of strength performed by Lem, he badgered him and insultingly challenged him to fight.

"No, young man," said pious Lemuel, "I have no desire to fight or wrestle."

"You're supposed to be some'at of a strong man, I've heard tell," scoffed Prince. "I've my doubts you could break a hen egg."

Lemuel, who never had been known to strike man or beast, tried manfully to avoid Prince. But insult piled upon insult, until finally he agreed reluctantly to fight.

"But wait just the moment, young man," he said mildly. "I've a thirst to attend."

He strode over to his open wagon which contained several dozen large, bullnosed clams which he had dug from the muddy river bed. Grasping one of the largest clams in his very powerful right fist, he squeezed it mightily until it cracked open. Casually he raised the clam and let the salty juice trickle into his mouth.

Prince watched in gulping, open-mouthed wonder. Such an exhibition of one-hand power dazzled him. When Grandfather confronted him in a sheepish, awkward fighting stance, Prince began to stutter:

"Ex-excuse me, Mr. Lem. G-guess I ought not to rightfully f-fight a man 25 years the older of me. 'Twouldn't be fittin' of me." With that weak-kneed change of heart, he turned tail and left.

"And what about Grandfather Lemmel?" the children asked breathlessly. "Did he chase after that Prince bully and beat the tar out of him?"

"He did not," I reported truthfully. "Grandfather Lem was so relieved he would not have to fight that he began to tremble. He walked over and sat on the wagon tongue. His lips moved and the people knew he was praying."

The children were incredulous. "You mean he was scared?" they chorused disappointedly.

"Yes," I replied. "Grandfather *was* frightened, in a manner of speaking. You see, Grandfather was not a fighting man, but he was a very human man. Picture him, surrounded by his friends and family, being challenged by the bully, and giving in to the challenge. He was disappointed in himself for accepting that challenge.

"To be sure, he had always had the greatest aversion to any sort of physical combat, and he was afraid of his own great strength. But what really made him feel so bad was the fact that he had agreed to fight. He felt that he had failed the Lord in allowing the bully to goad him into such a situation."

The children muttered at first, not quite convinced that the true story was just what they wanted to hear. But gradually, as they thought it over, I realized that I had succeeded in picturing Grandfather's true character. They became, gradually, much prouder and more affectionate in their thoughts and understanding of Lemuel. He became more human to them and, consequently, more lovable. He, too, had what they regarded as his weakness, just as each one of them had theirs.

It is probably true that past events dug from history books seem less interesting to children today than those same events seemed to us as children. But if you tell children stories about themselves, or about somebody in their immediate family, you will have no trouble holding their interest.

And the best part about it is that such stories help children to know and understand themselves and to know their family better. □

legendary in his section of the country. Of course, the children listened with interest, but there obviously was something missing. They did not really get the picture of their grandfather's character. It seemed they regarded him too impersonally, almost as they did Paul Bunyan. Then I told them a story about him that changed their viewpoint considerably.

Grandfather Lem had taken his family to a watering spot often visited by country people for Sunday-school picnics. There Lem,

Americans have the right to know whether foreign assistance is efficient. Yet, human misery anywhere is a moral opportunity. Sound economic and technical aid programs offer creative use of our nation's abundance to break ancient cycles of misery and despair elsewhere—and are powerful peacemaking tools.

Foreign Aid's Quiet Success

By ROBERT H. BOLTON

Pastor, First Methodist Church, Marcellus, New York

THE PLIGHT of our fellowmen in underdeveloped nations is staggering. As President Johnson has described their struggle:

"More than two thirds of the people of the world have less than \$8 a month . . . less to spend each day on food, on shelter, on clothing, on medicine, on all of their needs, than the average American spends at his corner drugstore for a package of cigarettes. They live in run-down country shacks of tar paper . . . in city slums . . . without heat, water, or sanitation of any kind. Their children have no schools . . . no doctors or hospitals . . . Worst of all, many of them live without any hope at all. They see no escape from the ancient cycle of misery and despair."

Human misery anywhere is a Christian opportunity. That is why I see a moral obligation for Americans to support sound programs of economic aid and technical assistance to underdeveloped nations.

I write as one who has seen our nonmilitary aid programs in action while living on two other continents and traveling extensively in a third (all under private auspices). So my judgments are based on personal observation as well as detailed study of our government's Agency for International Development (AID) program.

Americans have a right to know whether their nation's primary foreign-aid program is efficient and

effective. It has been subjected to serious criticism by its opponents. But if the program withstands their attacks, and if it largely fulfills its own praiseworthy goals, then it deserves enthusiastic support of Christians.

Answering the Critics

What have been the primary points of criticism?

- 1. Some say that *the program is inefficient.*

To be sure, one can find examples of inefficiency. I remember an AID official in Brazil shaking his head sadly and saying, "We needed and requested only one expert, and Washington sent four." Another case involved a road built six years ago with AID funds by two reputable U.S. construction and engineering firms. After completion, sections of the road sank into the mud and had to be repaired. An investigation led AID to request the Justice Department to recover damages from the contractors.

These situations, however, are unusual. Many stories we hear critical of the program are gross distortions, half-truths, or downright lies.

Much criticism is centered on bureaucracy. Most AID officials complain that they are tied to their desks. But real strides are being made. A pilot experiment in decentralization is being undertaken in Ethiopia, giving increased authority to the mission director on the scene.

Its purpose is to see whether quicker, more effective action can be taken with less red tape.

Overall, in 1964, AID reduced its directly hired staff by 1,140 persons. Further reductions will come through new operating procedures.

- 2. Another complaint about foreign aid is that *much of the money gets into the hands of politicians and wealthy people.*

This charge is not accurate. Money is rarely sent abroad under the U.S. program. Foreign aid consists of American goods and services. Furthermore, a system of checks and audits guarantees that AID materials are used as intended, almost without exception.

It is necessary to deal with government officials—or "politicians," if you will—just as it is often necessary to deal with wealthy people in getting a project underway. These are the people who usually control the resources required for development.

A hydroelectric project negotiated with untrained illiterates would not have much chance for success because they would have neither the skills nor the wherewithal to do the job. You have to deal with people qualified and authorized to do the work.

Our AID program does make an effort to find jobs which poor people can be employed to do, as in the "food for work" programs. But this is feasible only in a limited

number of situations. Much of our assistance goes to building the economy. This is the most efficient type of aid because it helps a country to help itself. Its value will increase each year.

One criticism of the Marshall Plan in the late 1940s was that the money found its way into the hands of the wealthy. But a miraculously rejuvenated economy soon gave the common people a standard of living far higher than they had before.

There is an implication that much of the money we turn over to people in other countries goes to grease the palms of government officials. This bothers us tremendously. We say, "That is what happens when we do things through government." But if you are a stockholder of an American industrial corporation with operations in these same underdeveloped areas of the world, it is possible that a part of the company money—your money—also is used for payoffs.

Bribery is a way of life in some countries. Nothing gets done without at least a modest payoff. If you want a driver's license, you bribe the examiner so he does not make the test impossibly hard. If you want a telephone, you bribe someone; otherwise you may wait years.

Purists say we should refuse to do this. If so, we have an obligation to be consistent. Our businessmen should not be allowed to operate in such areas, either. Nor should we buy raw materials from countries in which bribery occurs.

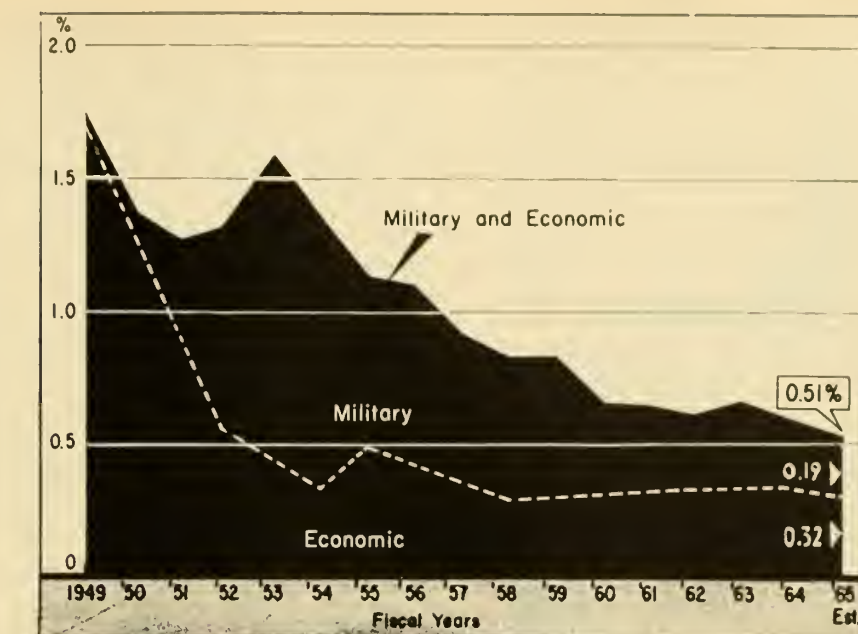
I have already referred to Brazil, where I spent two years and was able to observe U.S. aid programs firsthand. In that country, foreign-aid money was shut off when graft was detected. The American people need not fear that much of their money is wasted in this way.

Getting Motives Straight

• 3. Another complaint is that *we aid countries which do not always support U.S. policy and action.*

Our aid program should not attempt to buy votes. If our intention were to do so, we should be prepared to pay a more realistic price than the half of 1 percent of our gross national product which goes into foreign aid.

But the real reason we Christians



As a percentage of the United States' gross national product, expenditures under the Foreign Assistance Act have declined in 15 years, putting the estimated 1965 level at about one half of 1 percent.

should support continuation of aid to countries which do not always agree with us is simply because they are needy. We should not try to buy votes, but to help people.

• 4. A more serious charge is that *we are fools to give aid to communist countries like Yugoslavia.*

Those who oppose aid to these countries maintain that it merely gives them money which can be used against us in either "cold" or "hot" war. Aid supporters acknowledge this possibility. But, they point out, foreign aid has encouraged several nations to diminish their almost complete adherence to Russian policy. Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen maintains that our aid program in Yugoslavia permitted that country to free itself from domination by the Kremlin, and it soon proved to be troublesome to Russia. Yugoslavia's rejection of Moscow's domination brought an end to the myth of communist solidarity.

After examining the results, Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson all have felt that the values of aid to such countries outweigh the disvalues.

The Christian, however, will have his own reasons for supporting AID to Yugoslavia, Poland, and other countries. Paul's Letter to the Romans teaches, "If your enemy

is hungry, feed him." And Jesus said, "Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, pray for those who abuse you."

• 5. Many people are unhappy with foreign aid because, as they say, "After all we've done for them, they still don't like us."

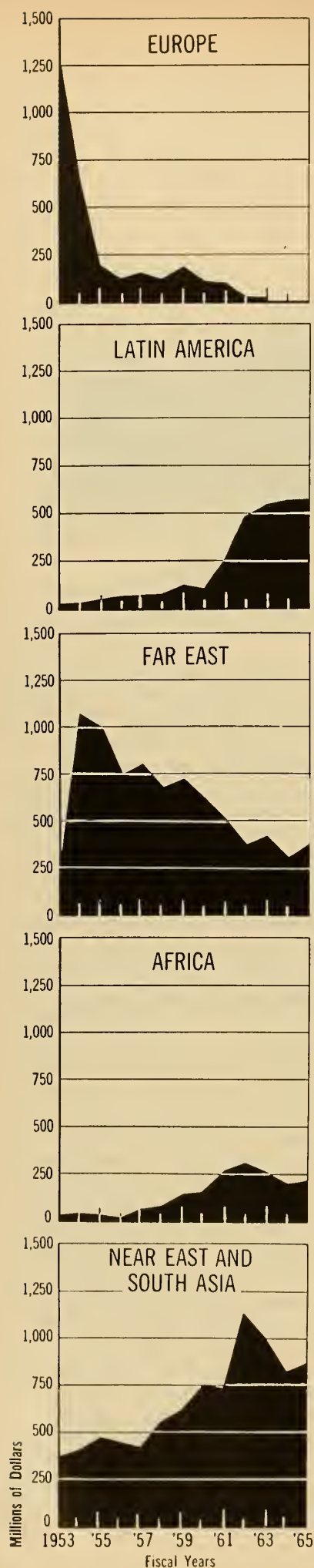
The truth is that people frequently dislike those to whom they are indebted. When I was in a remote area of Peru, I met a Jew who had fled Hitler's Germany. As he tried to explain why our aid had not won more friendships he said, "Back in Germany, when children fought, one would often say to another, 'May you be the only rich uncle in a very large family.'"

The implication is, of course, that everyone else in the family would dislike him. Is it any wonder that, in the family of nations, Uncle Sam has some relatives not fond of him?

The other side of the coin is that foreign aid has made friends for us, too. Some of these are among the most constructive and creative statesmen in the world.

• 6. Some people claim they oppose foreign aid because *we have so much poverty in our country.*

There is poverty in the USA, of course, but the degree of poverty and illiteracy, disease, and starvation in underdeveloped nations is



unbelievably greater. Whatever needs to be done at home should not be done at the expense of needy people overseas from whom we never can isolate ourselves.

I also have noticed that many who have voiced this objection now oppose current U.S. antipoverty programs, leading me to wonder about their sincerity.

• 7. Some critics claim that *the foreign-aid program builds a socialistic type of economy.*

We might ask whether an underdeveloped nation's economy would be less socialistic if the only aid it could expect came from Russia or her satellites. Withdrawing our money and technicians would give the Communists a free hand.

The robber-baron type of capitalism predominant in many countries makes it unlikely that the private sector alone can foster rapid extension of basic industry crucial for underdeveloped nations. Every year the rich nations get richer and the poor nations get poorer. An economy based partially on government ownership is the only kind that has brought many underdeveloped countries into the industrial era in recent years. The sole source of capital accumulation for investment in many countries is government.

Recent economic upheaval and reversal in Russia seems to indicate that while a socialistic type of economy may be necessary in the early years of development, it has serious inadequacies for later, more sophisticated stages of growth. By helping emerging nations develop sound basic economies, we enable them more rapidly to free large segments of their economies to participate in the challenge and incentive of free enterprise.

• 8. Some criticize foreign aid on the grounds that *it contributes to our balance of payments problem—more money leaving the United States than entering it.*

This need not be a pressing concern because 85 percent of foreign-

Having done its job in Europe, U.S. economic aid now turns to other world areas in proportions shown in these graphs. New programs stress loans, welcome other nations' help.

aid money is spent in the United States. Only one two-hundredths of 1 percent of our gross national product is spent overseas in aid.

Is Cost Too High?

• 9. The main gripe about AID is that *it costs so much.* As a percentage of the gross national product, foreign aid has decreased from 2 percent in 1949 to less than half of 1 percent today. In our federal budget the decline was from 11.5 percent to 2.2 percent.

It also is important to realize that 70 percent of the money expended in foreign assistance programs is on a loan basis. "The loan repayment record," one reporter comments, "is as good as the record of repayment on loans made by the average hometown bank." More than \$7 billion have been collected by AID and its predecessors from countries which have received loans under foreign-assistance programs.

Our economy actually is aided by our foreign assistance. Hundreds of thousands of Americans on farms and in factories owe their jobs to foreign-aid (including Mutual Security) programs.

American farm surpluses which were provided as aid to Japan after World War II changed the pattern of Japanese diets, and Japan is now the biggest single cash customer for U.S. farm exports—some \$500 million worth a year. The American Coal Exporters Association traces more than \$250 million a year in current coal export business directly to new markets opened by foreign assistance shipments of U.S. coal to Japan and Europe. Dramatic trade results also are being achieved with Israel, Taiwan, and other nations.

When talking about expenses, we should analyze the question formulated by one congressman: "What would it cost us *not* to aid the underdeveloped nations.

Many feel that the cost would be a greater likelihood of war. Partisans of foreign aid point out that World War II cost \$1,352 billion. Against that figure, paying some \$2.3 billion annually toward preservation of peace is a sound proposition economically—especially when that money stimulates our exports, cultivates new markets, provides

THE OTHER WAR IN VIET NAM

IT IS A quiet battle against poverty, disease, and ignorance being conducted by the Agency for International Development, part of the U.S. foreign-aid program. Its soldiers are some 300 civilian volunteers who already have worked miracles in war-torn South Viet Nam. Following is a portion of a newspaper advertisement that appeared recently in one city where AID officials were conducting interviews for additional volunteers:

AID MEN WANTED FOR VIET NAM . . . Working conditions difficult, possibly hazardous; long hours, great responsibility in remote locations. Must be single, or willing to serve in Viet Nam without dependents for at least 18 months. PROVINCIAL OPERATIONS OFFICERS needed to live in Vietnamese provinces, work with local officials on AID projects that include refugee relief, medical help, self-help programs in agriculture, education, health, local public works; travel as security permits. REFUGEE OFFICERS needed to work with local officials on U.S. programs to aid half a million civilian refugees in camps along seacoast; program includes distribution of direct relief (food, clothing, medical supplies, etc.), establishment of schools, community facilities, supervision of camp administration, advice on refugee resettlement.

hundreds of thousands of our citizens with jobs, and when all but 30 percent of it returns to us in loan repayments.

Achievements Are Dramatic

Critics of foreign aid tend to overlook its dramatic achievements. After World War II, when Europe was prostrate, the Marshall Plan was designed to put its war-torn countries (and a few other areas) back on their feet. Results were spectacular. With less money than was predicted, and in a shorter period of time, the postwar European economy was rebuilt into an astonishingly effective machine.

Moreover, many countries to which we sent aid after the war—Austria, France, Luxembourg, West Germany, Denmark, Belgium, Iceland, Ireland, Italy, Norway, The Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Japan, and the United Kingdom—no longer need our help. Many of these countries are now giving aid to needy nations that soon will amount to more than what was given them through the Marshall Plan.

The Alliance for Progress aid program for Latin America, only four years old last March, already can boast of many achievements. Per capita income has risen. The gross national product in more than half of the nations has exceeded the program's goal. Exports have climbed steadily, while imports have stabilized at the 1961 level. Private U.S. investment has increased, and

local private investment also has gone up. Illiteracy has decreased. Thirty-six new universities have been established, and the number of college students increased from 520,000 to 680,000 in four years.

In other parts of the world, we see even more spectacular results. Vice-President Hubert Humphrey, citing India as an example of success, reported early in 1965 that "Industrial production in India has increased 8 percent . . . The production of nitrogenous fertilizers, so essential for greater agricultural production, increased by 40 percent. Malaria, which affected 100 million people a year in 1947, has almost been wiped out. . . . In education, India, which had a literacy rate of only 19 percent in 1946, now has 60 percent of its children under 12 in school." Our AID was a very significant factor in these triumphs of an emerging country.

Taiwan offers another chronicle of achievement. Eleven years ago, prospects for economic growth looked dim. But, with the people's determination and U.S. aid, miracles have been wrought. Taiwan has completed one of the most successful land-reform programs anywhere in the world, putting 85 percent of its arable land in private hands. Agricultural production has shot up by 50 percent. Industrial output has tripled, as have exports. The gross national product has climbed 45 percent.

Foreign aid has done its work in Taiwan and came to an end June

30, 1965. Now the Taiwanese are helping others as they were helped. Teams of experts from their country have shown nine African countries how to increase rice output with intensive cultivation methods that have made Taiwan farmers among the most productive in the world.

Tool for Peace

Some years ago, Senator Dirksen declared that there were only three alternatives regarding foreign aid. One was to withdraw from world involvement and let the Communists take over. A second was to give niggardly aid, expecting little to come of it. He favored the third choice, which was "immediate adequate, aggressive aid."

Most Americans support this thinking. According to a 1963 Gallup poll, nearly twice as many favored foreign aid as opposed it.

One of the most powerful forces in our time is the "revolution of rising expectations." Peoples who in the past have accepted misery as their lot in life are no longer content. The masses of humanity are either going to make a peaceful revolution possible or they are going to make a violent revolution inevitable. To paraphrase Abraham Lincoln, the world cannot long remain half rich and half poor.

If we are to have peace in our time, we must create conditions which will enable peace to flourish. Foreign assistance is probably the most effective tool the peacemaker has.

Christians are called to be peacemakers. It is certainly the task of Christians of our day to support this most important activity of our epoch of history. We should bend all our efforts to support the creative use of America's abundance in international development.

According to Arnold Toynbee, the eminent historian, foreign aid is the most significant development of our time. He writes: "Our age will be well remembered not for its horrifying crimes or its astonishing inventions but because it is the first generation since the dawn of history in which mankind dared to believe it practical to make the benefits of civilization available to the whole human race." □

One Little Note

By ALBERTA R. TREW

USUALLY, each Sunday morning when the church organist sat at the great pipe organ and struck the first chords, each key under his fingers played joyfully with its fellows to create glorious hymns.

Usually, after church, the people thanked the minister and organist for the fine service and wonderful music.

"How beautiful!" they would say. "How thrilling! How inspiring!"

But this Sunday was different. This Sunday, one very high, little note pouted as it watched the organist's fingers gliding skillfully over the console.

"Why isn't he giving me a chance to sound?" piped the little note. "I get to play only once in a while. Just look at all the times some of those other keys are chosen."

The longer he watched, the more jealous he became.

"It's not fair," he pouted. "Just for that, I'm going to sound whether he

wants me to or not." So he did. His high-pitched voice would have spoiled the postlude, but the organist was a skillful musician who could cover up the persistent sound quite nicely. After church when the people had left the church, all the keys were in an uproar.

"What are you trying to do?" cried the middle-range keys, who got most of the exercise. "You're ruining our whole effect!"

"Well, we agree with Little High Note," boomed the bass keys, who weren't played very often, either.

"Then we'll have to play louder next time," screamed the middle notes.

"Now, now, everyone," said a few calm keys. "Let's continue working together as we always have to make beautiful music. That's what we were created for." But their voices were drowned out in the confusion.

The following Sunday there was chaos. Some of the middle notes held their tones so long that their fellows

did not know when to come in. Others were so offended they refused to play at all. The bass notes did their best to outboom the rest, while most of the higher notes were so angry they squeaked.

Of course, the music was terrible. The people sang all out of tune, so naturally, they had to blame someone.

"It was the organist's fault," said one group.

"Well, if the choir sang better, the rest of us would, too," said another.

"Humph," declared a third, "if the minister preached more inspiringly, the choir would sing better, and the organist would have no trouble."

Some even blamed the official board, the bishop, and then the whole church. Everyone went away feeling very unhappy—all because of the selfish act of just one little organ key.

But isn't that the way trouble begins anywhere? □



Usually, each key played joyfully when the organist sat at the great pipe organ. This Sunday . . . one very high little note pouted.

Matchbox Cabinets & Places to Put Them

EMPTY kitchen matchboxes make useful little cabinets for storing small things.

Dad can use one on his desk for rubber bands and paper clips. Mother might like one for small jewelry, buttons, stamps, or odds and ends in a kitchen drawer. Any stamp collector could use several, and little sister would love one for her dollhouse.

Just color the ends of one or more matchboxes with crayon, punch a brass or silver-colored paper fastener through the middle of one end of each as drawer pulls, then wrap them one on top of the other with colorful construction, wrapping, or wallpaper, and glue the ends on the bottom side of the lower box. Of course, smaller matchboxes make smaller cabinets.

—Amy Chambliss

YOU CAN make a fabulous two-story dollhouse or a toy garage out of old orange crates to put your cabinets in. The more crates you use, the more rooms in your house or garage.

For the dollhouse, fit white or colored paper to each wall, leaving the slits in the box as windows. Now draw on your wallpaper designs suitable for each room—green and white stripes, perhaps, for the living room, pink roses for the bedroom, yellow tiles for the kitchen. Then paste the paper on the walls.

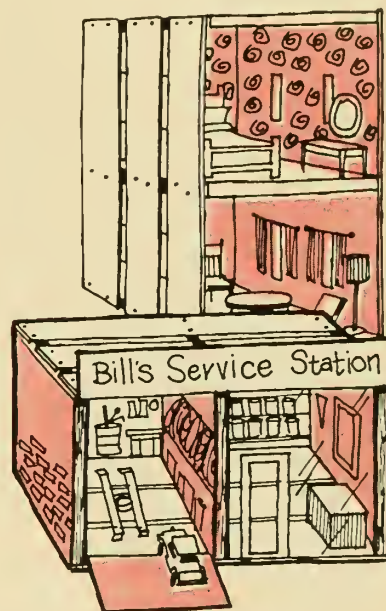
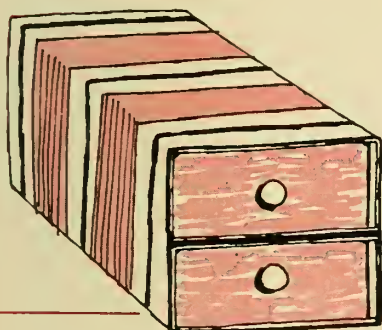
In the same way design rugs. Make draperies or curtains out of paper or scrap-bag remnants, tack or paste them up—and your house is ready for the cabinets and furniture. If you wish, paper the outside with “bricks.”

For the garage, lay the orange crate on its side. In one side, the “store,” fit paper for the walls, draw auto accessories, posters, and advertisements, and paste it on. Put in a construction-paper counter, and then fit a display window of cellophane from a kitchen roll over the front. Cut a doorjamb out

of paper, paste it on, and cut out the cellophane in the door.

On the “workshop” side, paste thin cardboard on the entry floor as a ramp for the cars. For these walls, draw auto tools, tires, oil cans, and so forth, and draw a grease pit or hydraulic lift on the floor, then put in your tool cabinets and the cars.

—Ruth Baron



CINDY

By Carolyn Callander Wright



*Cindy is a little dog.
But how would Cindy know?
Cindy finds it much more fun
To go where people go.*

*Cindy has some dog food
That's said to be a treat.
Cindy much prefers, of course,
To eat what people eat.*

*Cindy's bed is in a box,
With blankets soft and deep.
Cindy likes it better, though,
To sleep where people sleep.*

*Cindy seems to understand
When we tell her what to do,
But cannot get it through her head
That she's not "people," too.*



Letters

Other Hymnals Needed

MRS. KENNETH C. WILLIAMS
Columbia, Ky.

Before the National Fellowship of Methodist Musicians (NaFOMM) pushes that resolution about abolishing publication of the three unofficial hymnals, some of them should spend a year on a rural charge in Kentucky. I was disturbed to read about this in your November, 1965, issue [*Would Discontinue Hymnals*, page 6].

As much as I believe in good church music and as happy as I will be to welcome the new *Methodist Hymnal*, I am afraid it will be 50 to 100 years before some of our congregations in the Bible belt will be up to this level. We use the *Cokesbury Worship Hymnal* as a stepping-stone, and I am afraid we would not be able to convince these people to buy the new hymnal. They would simply go back to their "pie in the sky" songs. (They do anyway on Sundays when there is no preaching.)

Please, NaFOMM, give us a few more years to catch up. Isn't it better to sing *Amazing Grace* than *If Anybody Makes It, Lord, Surely I Will!*?

Abandon a Good Thing?

MRS. LYDIA E. SHARP
Marshall, Ill.

It was with disgust that I read of NaFOMM's proposal to do away with the three "unofficial" hymnals—especially the *Cokesbury Worship Hymnal*. We have used this hymnal many years in our church school. I am pianist of the junior department, and these children really go for the songs in this book. Why abandon a good thing?

Judgment Is Not Our Job

MRS. RODGER BRODIN
Minneapolis, Minn.

Your article *Will the Real Christian Woman Please Arise?* by Sally Ann Geis [October, 1965, page 25] points up one of our greatest faults when it asks, "By what standards am I judged?"

We are so wrong in making the judgment that "Mary Ann" is or is not a real Christian woman. God alone can make this judgment. If only man did not try to play the role of judge but spent his whole effort trying to dis-

cover and do God's will in his own life!

With the problem of deciding who is and who is not a Christian out of our hands, and into God's where it belongs, we would become free to live and spread Christianity to the whole world as Jesus commanded us to do.

What Is 'Real Christian'?

MRS. CREED ONEY, JR.
Elizabethtown, Ky.

After reading *Will the Real Christian Woman Please Arise?* I wonder if we should not define what it means to be a "real Christian." Real is genuine;

Christian means follower of Jesus Christ, the living son of God.

Too many church people today are like the woman in Sally Ann Geis's article—good moral and civic-minded women of the community. These attributes do not make a Christian. Going to every worship service won't make you a Christian. All the civic work or church work you do won't make you a Christian.

You can only be a Christian by accepting Christ as your personal Savior. Salvation is the gift of God by grace through faith. This article is not Christlike. It is secular.

Contradiction in Sculpture

LES THOMPSON, JR., Pastor
Hillcrest Methodist Church
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Our magazine is a fine one which I look forward to receiving each month. I particularly like our progressive attitude toward the arts and deeply appreciate the intriguing sculpture by Clark B. Fitz-Gerald in the November, 1965, issue [see *The Ten Commandments*, page 55].

TOGETHER METHODIST MAGAZINE
LETTER TO THE EDITOR

SEPT. 1965
JOHNSON CITY, N.Y.

THE UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE INVESTIGATION OF UNITED KLANS OF AMERICA AND PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S DECLARATION OF WAR ON THE KLAN IS A WASTE OF TIME AND WILL ACCOMPLISH NO USEFUL PURPOSE WHATEVER.

THE KU KLUX KLAN IS A VERY PATRIOTIC ORGANIZATION FIRMLY DEDICATED TO PRESERVATION OF RIGHTS FOR ALL TRUE AMERICANS, GLORIOUS UPHOLDER OF CORRECT PROTESTANT CHRISTIANITY, AND A STAUNCH SUPPORTER OF ALL THOSE HIGH IDEALS REPRESENTED BY OUR GREAT AMERICAN FLAG.

ALL KLAN MEMBERS ARE PERSONS OF GOOD NORTH EUROPEAN STOCK, SATURATED WITH DEEP RELIGIOUS CONVICTION, FIRED WITH HOLY ZEAL, WHO DESIRE ONLY WHAT IS BEST FOR OUR NATION.

NEGRIES, THE ROMAN CHURCH, AND ALL THE QUEER FOREIGNERS FROM THE WRONG PARTS OF THE WORLD WHICH WE HAVE TO DEAL WITH HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE HERE. THEY ARE NOT TRUE AMERICANS, THEY DO NOT REVERENCE OUR FLAG IN THE RIGHT WAY, THEY DO NOT WORSHIP GOD CORRECTLY.

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SUPREME GRAND DRAGON
EMPIRE KLAN OF SOUTHERN NEW YORK
FOSTER FEREMAN
GREAT MASTER CYCLOPS
GARDEN KLAN OF NORTHERN NEW JERSEY

I am writing to praise us for our fine magazine and also to state a point which needs to be made concerning implications of one of the sections of Mr. Fitz-Gerald's sculpture, the one depicting "You shall have no other gods before me" on page 56. It is not our desire to dictate theology to artists, but Jesus Christ, symbolized by the Chi Rho, is not God, and therefore this section contradicts its intended statement.

I hope we never print a magazine which everybody likes.

'A Sacrilegious Parody'

MRS. L. O. RICHMOND
Mannington, W.Va.

I am writing to protest the "study in sculpture" by Clark B. Fitz-Gerald. This is a sacrilegious parody on the Ten Commandments. Like so much modern art, this to me is grotesque and depressing, especially so in depicting this important subject.

On the index page I notice you say that "because of freedom given authors, opinions may not reflect official concurrence." I protest such opinions being published in TOGETHER, it being an official organ of The Methodist Church.

Pornographic, He Says

CLAUDE F. WRIGHT
Garden City, Kans.

Thanks for your solution of the pornographic literature problem. Young men, and some not so young, no longer need to go to the corner newsstand to gratify their lusts. They can stay in the seclusion of their own homes, turn to page 59 in TOGETHER's November issue, and gloat over the picture of a nude woman lying in the presence of two other naked persons. Imagination can do the rest.

He Sees 'Liberal Hypocrisy'

JOE FRANCE
Omaha, Nebr.

The November, 1965, article *His Passion Is Peace* [page 29] is almost a caricature of liberal hypocrisy. It details efforts of the religious Ernest Gross to achieve "peace" in the United Nations and gleefully asserts that when Dr. Gross wins his case against the Union of South Africa, the UN "can then resort to forceful change in South Africa's racial policies." It adds, then, that "every effort will be made to see that the measures taken are economic rather than military."

It seems liberal opposition to war is a little less forceful when the war is a "holy" one started by the UN. The UN warmongers care not a whit that the Negroes in the Union of South Africa fare so infinitely better than those in "liberated" African terri-

ories that there is tremendous migration into South Africa. It is the usual liberal inconsistency that even their bugaboo—war—can be used to attain their weird notion of justice.

'Excellent Service' Recalled

ALLEN WHITFIELD
Des Moines, Iowa

In the November, 1965, issue, I note the article reporting on the activities of Dr. Ernest A. Gross. He was one of my acquaintances during my service in World War II, it being the accident of fate that we were assigned to deal with somewhat similar problems in different service divisions of the United States government.

At that time he was performing an excellent service. I am delighted to see his work continuing.

Methodism Closed the Door

KARL J. HAMMAR, Ret. Minister
Escanaba, Mich.

Regarding Mrs. H. W. McClary's letter, *Most Urgent Issue: Peace* [October, 1965, page 74], may I suggest to her that Methodists cannot very well take a position advocating world peace. The reason? Methodist leaders went all out to elect Lyndon B. Johnson who posed as the great peace-keeper, the man who hated war.

Now we are engaged in wars in many parts of the world, and Methodism has effectively closed the door upon itself. To be consistent, it must support LBJ in all his war efforts.

I can hear the editors who read this saying, "The writer of this letter is an extremist." Certainly I am an extremist. Everyone who takes Jesus' words seriously must be an extremist.

Real Issues Missed

EDWIN B. BARTOW
Owego, N.Y.

I respectfully suggest that your *Viewpoint* by Herman Will, Jr., on the Vietnamese situation [*Viet Nam: Realities and Questions*, November, 1965, page 13] does not come to grips with the real issues.

Certainly all war is sinful and evil judged by the Christian ethic. Although there is no qualitative difference between a small war and a large war, there is a quantitative difference; and that is a difference with ethical, religious, and moral (and practical) significance.

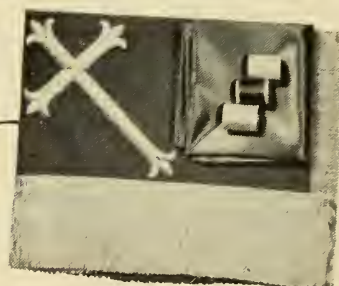
Realistically, in Viet Nam all of the available courses of action are unchristian, so we are limited to choosing the least of the evils. The evil to be avoided above all is a major war.

Our government considers that the available alternatives are either to fight a limited war now or to fight a larger, perhaps unlimited war later. The first



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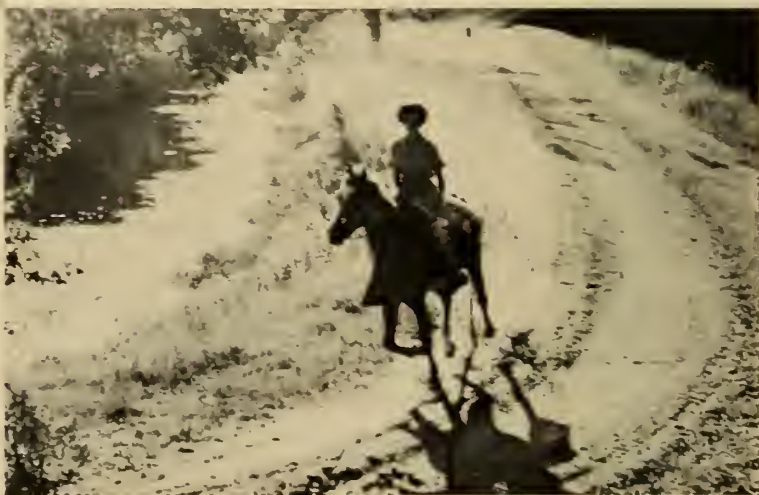
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issue, therefore, is: Do any other less evil alternatives actually exist as a basis for our national policies? If not and the government is correct (as I personally believe), then the second question is: Are our national policies and actions in Viet Nam those best calculated to avoid a world war?

These issues are debatable and should be debated. Relevant, I think, is the fact that the Korean War gained us 10 years of peace and freedom, to date, from world war.

Of course none of this invalidates the proposition that we should do everything possible—including a “thorough overhaul of our thinking”—so that in the future we will not be limited to choosing a lesser of evils.

Clearly, Logically Said

MRS. GEORGE B. COLE
Des Moines, Wash.

I wish to commend the publication of the outstanding article by Herman Will, Jr., concerning the war in Viet Nam. I consider the article one of the best you have published.

Mr. Will has the courage to say what needs to be said, and he says it clearly and logically. This should be the voice of the church. It should have the courage to speak out on this extremely serious situation. I have been disappointed that Protestants as a whole have been so silent and permissive on the matter of war.

The foolish outcry that to take this position is “communistic” may frighten people, but those who understand the terrible possibilities realize that war will not settle any philosophies. There must be reason. War begets war and in the end gains nothing.

The Young Need Guidance

A. RAY NEPTUNE
Medford, Oreg.

The more comments I read from leaders of Methodist-related schools, the more I become concerned about the religious outlook for our college-trained youth.

In his reply to “A Worried Mother” in the November, 1965, *Powwow* [Are Colleges Destroying Our Students' Faith? page 46], Professor Jack Boozer indicates that when a young person reaches college age, his Christian education has been completed. From then on he must stand on his own feet and face all problems and temptations without any assistance from the institution he has chosen to help prepare him for life. He even says to “nurture religious faith” is dangerous and, in fact, “absolutely impossible.”

How can a church leader say that it is dangerous to teach the great truths of living taught by Jesus? When a young person is first away from home, meeting new influences and new

temptations, this is the time he most needs guidance and direction in his spiritual life. Is our church so uncertain of its teachings that it is afraid to present them to our youth?

It should be the function of every church-related school to include this teaching in its curriculum. If this is not done, what is the purpose of church sponsorship?

Middle-Ages Treatment

FRANKLIN GROOMES
Menlo, Iowa

After reading Professor Jack Boozer's reply to “A Worried Mother” in the November *Powwow*, I feel that in treating college students' religious faith, we are using the same tactics that were used in treating physical ailments during the Middle Ages. They thought you had to bleed a patient to cure him.

Now we know that nourishment and transfusions are the way to strengthen bodies and cure physical illness. But we still try to build people's faith by teaching them to believe their doubts, find more doubts, and doubt their beliefs until the foundations of their faith are destroyed. The resulting feelings of futility come at a time when important life decisions are in the making. The results are evident in the falling away from the standards that are necessary for worthwhile living and a Christian society.

Where Are Soul Winners?

LAYNE SHANKLIN, Pastor
McLemoresville-Trezevant Methodist Churches
McLemoresville, Tenn.

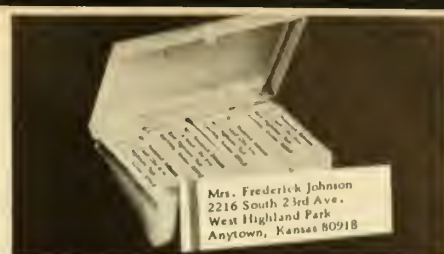
Thank you for that fine article, *Sam Jones: Methodism's Great Evangelist* [October, 1965, page 43]. Why aren't men being trained in our seminaries to be great soul winners like Sam Jones? Have we come to the place where we think it is more important to maintain an institution than to evangelize? We had a net gain of only 86 members in the Memphis Conference last year. What is wrong?

Instead of talking so much about ecumenism, which includes softening up toward Roman Catholicism, we should be wondering how to merge our effort with other evangelicals to win a lost world to Jesus Christ. Home for the true evangelical is not Rome but that New Jerusalem spoken of in the 21st chapter of the Book of Revelation.

He Remembers Sam

J. M. LANCASTER
Ogden, Utah

Reading about Sam Jones in the October issue reminded me of the time he lectured at the Chautauqua in Beatrice, Nebr. He told of a man who asked for a job in a sawmill. What did



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they give him for a team? A mule, a billy goat, a bumblebee, and a skunk—a kicker, a butter, a stinger, and a stinker. Sam said he had found that kind of a team in just about every church.

The Currys Supplied the Spark

THEODORE W. LODER, Cominister
First Methodist Church

Philadelphia (Germantown), Pa.

We thank you for your excellent pictorial coverage of our Religious Arts Festival [November, 1965, page 17]. You captured the essence of our program very well, and we are encouraged that other churches are also expanding this important ministry.

However, it was unfortunate that the names of Dr. and Mrs. W. Lawrence Curry were omitted. Mrs. Curry is the person primarily responsible for our religious-arts program and is widely known as a creative and imaginative person in the areas of Christian education in the arts.

Dr. Curry is our minister of music and arranged for the musical program for the festival. He is a magnificent musician, and widely known and respected as a composer. As much as anybody in Protestant circles, he is responsible for the renewal of the church's interest in the arts.

'Strong, Redemptive Christ'

FRED C. BRANCEL, Headmaster
Nyamuzuwe Methodist Secondary School

Mtoko, Rhodesia

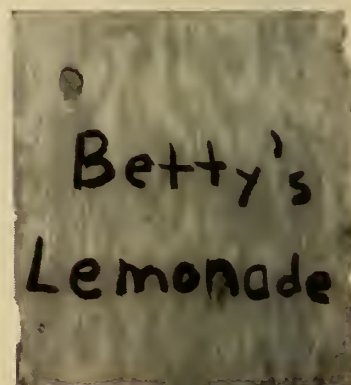
It was gratifying to find in **TOGETHER'S** August, 1965, issue the supremely strong portrait of Christ as Robert Hodgell so lovingly and remarkably portrayed him.

Over the years, my wife Margaret and I followed Mr. Hodgell's art with keen interest, even though we have not seen or had direct contact with him since we all attended the University of Wisconsin in the 1940s.

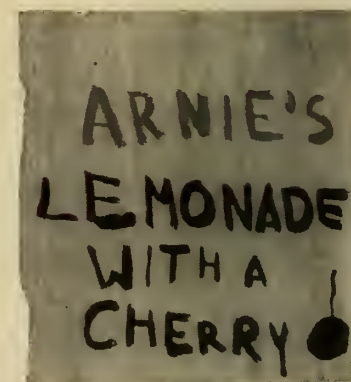
In September, Margaret died very unexpectedly after an illness of just two weeks. Nyamuzuwe and the hill overlooking our Methodist center, where her body lies, have been filled with tears and with songs of praise and thanksgiving. This morning six of the students joined me beside the grave at sunrise for meditation and prayer. I spoke with them about the need to use every experience to draw or be drawn nearer to God. I thanked God that this has been true for myself, our children, and the Christian community here during this difficult time.

I am ordering prints of the Hodgell *Head of Christ* to give to each of our secondary (high) schools. I believe they will help point students to God through the strong, redemptive Christ as Hodgell pictured him.

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With laymen and local pastors volunteering their time, the Protestant ministry is reaching in many directions—worship services and counseling among them. The soaring granite and wood building, though undeniably a tourist attraction, is much more. Its mission, at the apex of the jet age, is to serve man in his triumphs, his trials, and his haste. —CAROL M. DOIG

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